THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranſactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverſion intereſting to the Man of Pleaſure, Enterprize, and Spirit.

For NOVEMBER, 1795.

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Ornamented with 1. An admirable Repreſentation of DUCK SHOOTING; 2. Portraiture of the famous Horſe, ESCAPE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By E. Rider, Little Britain.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookſeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VENATICUS' Hint reſpecting a Series of Engravings on the Subject of *Hare Hunting* has come to Hand, and is under conſiedration.

We are much indebted to T. B. for his ludicrous Compariſon of Life to a Lottery, and ſhall be thankful for his future Favors.

To a Friend of the Whip, we ſhall be highly obliged for whatever he can collect, that may attend to the amuſement of our Sporting Readers.

Sporting Chronology plainly beſpeaks the ſterility of the Author's Brain; we are equally indebted to him, but would adviſe him to relinquiſh his deſign.

Little B. will find his Requeſt attended to in part; the Engliſhman's Wiſh is congenial with ours, as Britons, but muſt neceſſarily be poſtponed.

Reflections on the Scarcity of Corn, although recommended by a highly reſpectable Signature, we muſt beg leave to transfer to a publication more adapted to its purpoſe, than the Sporting Magazine.— In common with all good Citizens, we conceive it a duty, not only to lament, but (as far as in our power lies) to relieve the deplorable Condition of the induſtrious Poor at the preſent Criſis; convinced as we are, that it is with *difficulty* they obtain a *bare exiſtence*; but we muſt confeſs, that the Plan laid down by our Philanthropic Correſpondent is, in our opinion, wholly impracticable.

Gratitude compels us to return our beſt Thanks to W. H. for his kind Intentions towards us: we refer him to the Second Volume of our Miſcellany, where he will find the Subject in queſtion fully treated of.

CH. CHESTER will find his Requeſt attended to in our preſent Number.

As alſo *Venator*, *Captain Raffle*, *R. B. S. A Sporting Traveller*, *Friend to the Turf*, *Captain Snug*, *a Conſtant Reader*, *&c. &c.*

ERRATA.—In our Laſt, page 25, for *Sir Charles Turner's gr. c. Abraham Wood by Delpini, dam by Morwick Ball*, read *Dam by Prophet*. P. 44, line 26, for *proceed*, read *ſucceed*.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For NOVEMBER, 1795.

LIFE *of* Mr. TATTERSALL.

(*Continued from page* 6.)

THE licentiousness of the press had been such, for many years, that newspapers became the object of legislative controul. The printers and editors were, in general, men of no property or character; so that individuals who were libelled, sought in vain any pecuniary compensation for the injuries they sustained. The Ministers, with their adherents and dependants, were in the same situation. When a printer had been found guilty in consequence of an information or indictment, and when severe judgment of imprisonment had been passed upon him, his employers handsomely supported him during the period of his confinement. Whether the present Ministers had then meditated the harsh and oppressive measures they have since pursued, and which they must know would induce the reprehension of the public through the medium of the newspapers, it is not for us to say: it is certain that, under the pretence of better securing the revenue arising from the stamp duties, they carried a plan into effect that enables them and private individuals to gain reparation from the *proprietors* of newspapers, who until that time, were not responsible. It has been enacted, under a severe penalty, that no paper shall be published without the insertion of the printer's name; and the proprietor or proprietors are obliged to enter into a bond for the due payment of the stamp duties.

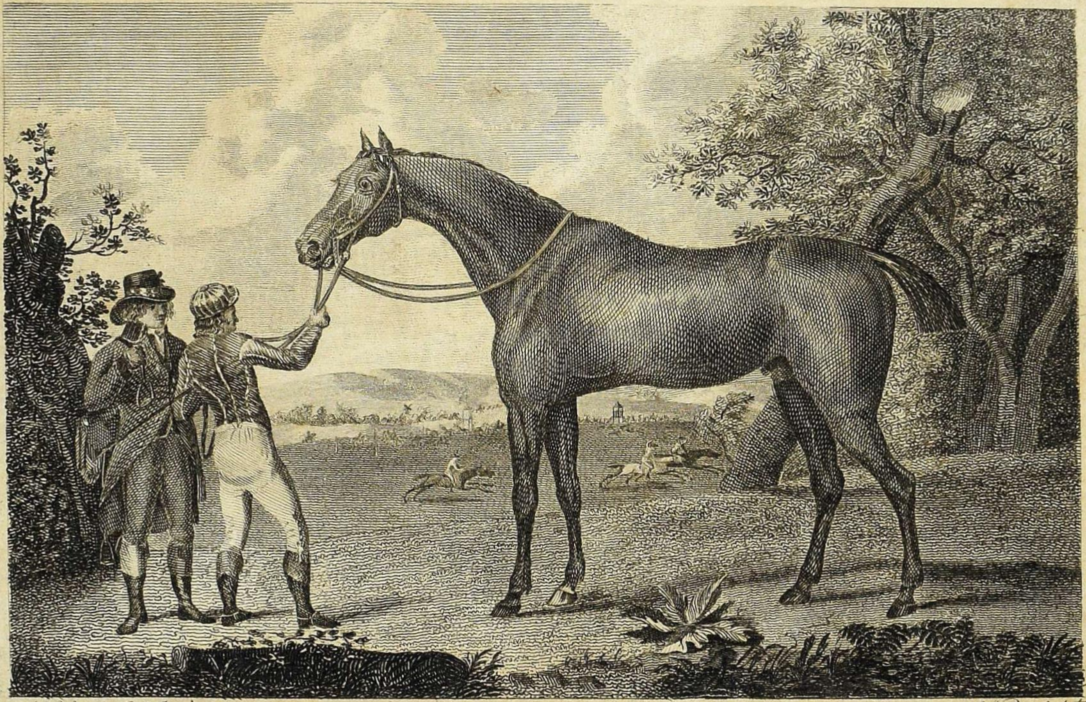
When Mr. Tattersall had suffered by the verdict obtained by Lady Elizabeth Lambert, several persons threatened him with actions for the insertion of articles in the Morning Post, which they conceived injured their characters. The celebrated Mr. Rose,

of

of the Treaſury, had before obtained a verdict of 100l. againſt Mr. Williams, the then printer; but, as Mr. Roſe was deemed to be fair game, Mr. Tatterſall laughed at the verdict, and ſupported Mr. Williams, who had been arreſted, and impriſoned in the King's Bench, for non-payment of the debt and coſts. Mr. Roſe was afterwards more roughly handled than ever in the paper, but for reaſons beſt known to himſelf, he did not proſecute: this emboldened his ſcriblers, and they attacked the conduct of ſeveral perſons; and, in particular, that of Mr. Goldſmidtz, of London, for improper practices in the exportation of gold: this gentleman, by his attorney, threatened to bring his action; counſel were of opinion, that the words were not actionable; but, as Mr. Tatterſall had lately ſmarted by the payment of 4000l. to Lady Elizabeth, he declined trying the queſtion, and gave Mr. Goldſmidtz 40l. to deſiſt from any proſecution. He was not yet tired of his favourite Morning Poſt, although he was daily expoſed to very great dangers, from his libellous writers; but in order to ſcreen himſelf in future, he withdrew his name from the ſtamp-office, as proprietor; and, after having made a ſhare conveyance of the property to one Davies, who was then his clerk, he procured his name to be ſubſtituted for his own: he alſo engaged an eminent counſel, to inſpect all the paragraphs that were of a perſonal nature, and to reject all thoſe that were improper. He aftewards ſold both the papers to this gentleman, who was ſoon glad to get rid of them, at conſiderable loſs. He, however, advertiſed in them, and in them only, until his death, and his ſon ſtill continues ſo to do. Mr. Aldridge, the next in eminence, together with all the other auctioneers and dealers in horſes, do the ſame, by which thoſe papers have very great advantage, in different parts of the kingdom, amongſt ſportſmen, jockeys, and lovers of horſes.

It is now neceſſary to trace him back a little, and to view his ſituation in the Iſle of Ely. We have already obſerved, that the profits of a ſtallion, ariſing from the covers of other perſons' mares, is ſmall, when compared with that which accrues from the ſale of colts and fillies bred by the proprietor of the horſe. Mr. Tatterſall was aware of this, and continued to increaſe his ſtud of mares as much as poſſible. He long ſought for a ſituation in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, until at length a ſuitable place offered, called New Barns, which adjoins the town of Ely, and is diſtant thirteen miles weſt of Newmarket. It is one of the completeſt farms in England. It conſiſts of near ſix hundred acres of excellent graſs land, within a ring fence, and is ſurrounded by a road. It has a ſpring in every cloſe; and there are, upon it, two very good houſes: the one, a manſion, now in the occupation of his ſon; and the other, occupied by his tenant, to whom he has let the farm on leaſe, for 1200l. per annum. It is held by a leaſe of three lives of the Biſhop of Ely, renewable at his pleaſure. At the time we refer to, it was the property of Mr. Potter, who in the year 1782, was for a ſhort time one of the repreſentatives in parliament for Colcheſter. He had then very conſiderable contracts under government, and became for a while ſo extenſive a baker, that his bread was ſold in

every



J. N. Sartorius Jun.r Pinxit. J. Walker Sculp.t

ESCAPE.

Published 1 Dec.r 1795, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court, London.

every street in the metropolis: he at length became a bankrupt, and removed to Sieve, in the neighbourhood of Paris, where he carries on, or did sometime back carry on, the manufactory of China, so well known, and so much celebrated for its beauty all over Europe: he is one of the lives mentioned in Mr. Tattersall's lease, and, what is remarkable, the other life is that of a gentleman who at the commencement of the French Revolution, was obliged to betake himself from Paris to Italy, in the greatest danger; the third, when last heard of, was in the North of Ireland. It would be very difficult to ascertain the existence of either of them; but, as it would be equally difficult to ascertain their death, a sporting question may be started by the lawyers, between the Bishop and Mr. Edmund Tattersall, that can be of no service to any but the gentlemen of the long robe.

(To be continued.)

Portraiture of ESCAPE, *taken by permission, from the Original, in the possession of Mr.* POLLARD.

THE annexed elegant engraving of this famous horse, we have full confidence will meet with equal approbation as those of our former productions; neither pains or expence having been spared in the execution. Escape, the property of his royal highness the Prince of Wales, was purchased of Mr. Franco, for the sum of 1500gs. He was got by Highflyer, his dam by Squirrel, out of a sister to Sir James Lowther's Babraham,

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A CANINE EPISTLE.

Being a Letter from Farmer TRUEMAN'S *Dog* TOWZER, *to Squire* SURESHOT'S *Dog* PONTO, *in relation to the Act said to be preparing, to lay a Tax on that useful Animal.*

DEAR PONTO,

I WENT home with Phillis, the parson's speckled bitch, last Tuesday, and, to my great astonishment I heard the doctor declare, that Mr. Pitt has actually a scheme on foot to tax us poor dogs, the consequence of which will be, that three parts in four of our species will be knocked on the head. I profess I am not in any dread for myself, nor for you, my dear, Ponto, for our usefulness will preserve us, since man, (though by far the most ungrateful of all other animals) seldom choose to destroy what is of real benefit. I am not, therefore, alarmed out of any selfish views; no, it is a noble spirit of patriotism that inflames me, and though I say it, there is not a dog in the nation that will fight more desperately, or bark louder in a good cause, than your old friend Towzer. Let your sneaking puppies follow low mercenary views; let them wag their tails at every scoundrel, and nuzzle in dunghills for half a bone, I am a British mastiff, and scorn such paltry actions. I will venture to say that almighty love itself cannot make me do a little thing, and though I like a pretty bitch as well as another dog, yet it is not in the power of the most bewitching of that sex, either by day to make me kill a neighbour's sheep, or by night to desert my post, and leave my master's

ter's houſe unguarded. "But why all theſe profeſſions of honeſty to me, my Ponto will ſay, who have had long experience of Towzer's worth and integrity?" True, but at this conjuncture it is highly requiſite that thou ſhould think the beſt of me, ſince I am about to engage thee in an affair, the ſeriouſneſs and importance of which cannot be too ſtrictly attended, and the greater opinion thou haſt of the propoſer, with the more alacrity wilt thou enter upon the affair.

One muſt be a ſtupid dog, indeed, not to know that notwithſtanding our innumerable taxes, the miniſtry want money d—nably. Therefore this act will certainly take place, unleſs we can ſtart ſome other ſcheme from which more *cole* may be expected. Such a ſcheme I have in my head, but I am ſenſible it is not to be brought to bear without your aſſiſtance.

Thy intimacy with Miſs Biddy's lap-dog, will forward thee in the way I ſhall chalk out to thee. Thou muſt engage Shock to communicate my propoſals to his fair miſtreſs, and at the ſame time back them with his intereſt, and if ſhe ſtands our friend, we have nothing to fear; for Sir Nathan Nimbletongue, the member for the county, is her ſlave, and ſhe has a pair of eyes that would dazzle a Roman Senate into blindneſs to the common cauſe, and corrupt the integrity of a Cato. I have incloſed a copy of the ſcheme, and reſt ever thine moſt affectionately,

Towzer.

Towzer's ſcheme for a Poll Tax on that part of the human ſpecies, who are diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Sad Dogs, Lazy Dogs, and Puppies.

I. The family of the ſad dogs, has ever been reckoned, without controverſy, the moſt ancient, and moſt numerous of and in the kingdom; if, therefore, they were taxed, at the eaſy rate of one ſhilling per head, they would bring in to the government, annually, at leaſt four hundred thouſand pounds, ſterling.

II. The lazy dogs, are thoſe expletives of nature, which ſeem only formed to devour her works, and prevent her being burthenſome to herſelf, with her own exuberancy, and would, at ſixpence per head, produce the ſame ſum at leaſt.

III. and laſtly, the puppies, that is to ſay, the numerous tribe of fops, coxcombs, whitlings, pedants, poetaſters, &c. with many more of that ſtrain, would, at ſixpence a puppy, bring, on an average, the ſame ſum. So there will be one million two hundred pounds, ſterling, redound from a ſoil which has hitherto brought forth nothing, but has buried in the weeds of corruption, and the dearth of barrenneſs.

Apprehension *of* Dick England.

THURSDAY Oct. 12, this well-known character, who has been ſome months in this country ſince his eſcape from France, was taken into cuſtody at an Hotel in Leiceſter-fields, by virtue of a warrant from Lord Kenyon, in which he ſtands charged of having been guilty of the wilful murder of Mr. William Rolle, of Kingſton, Surry, in the year 1784.

For a minute detail of the circumſtances attending this affair, we refer our readers to Vol. II. p. 97. and ſhall only obſerve that it took place in a duel, immediately

mediately after which England and his seconds absconded; and a verdict of wilful murder being returned by the Coroner's Jury, an indictment was preferred, and a writ of outlawry followed of course, the parties not coming forward.

England, after being identified before a judge, was committed to Newgate, from whence, in the course of the present term, he will be brought before the Court of King's Bench, to plead to the outlawry, which must be got over before he can take his trial for the murder.

During his residence in France he was several times in prison, and once sentenced to be guillotined, but got pardoned through the interest of a Member of the Convention, who also procured a passport for him, by which means he got back to this kingdom. It may be said that he had a very narrow escape; for before he had received his pardon, he had been terrified by the arrival of the *executioner!*

Match-Making.

THE following humorous correspondence lately passed between two whimsical friends:

"DEAR SIR,

"A lady for whom you formerly entertained a penchant, and who I promised to procure for you, is now at liberty to receive proposals; and I have no difficulty in saying, that it will be your own fault if she is not your's on honourable terms, within two days. I have mentioned honourable terms: but the friends of the lady have not the least objection to her being taken into keeping.

"Her disposition, considering she came from the West-Indies, is gentle to a degree. She bestows very little time at her toilet, being so quick in her motions, that she may be said to be dressed for the day, even the very moment she jumps out of bed. Though fond of chattering, you need not be at all alarmed lest she should divulge any family secrets, for I give you my honour that a word will never escape her lips.

"In short, Miss Jenny, (for the truth must out) though possessed of infinite sagacity, fondness, and fidelity, has as many tricks as a monkey

"Your gallantry will, no doubt, suggest the propriety of an early answer, as the lady cannot wait, and it is but justice to add that she has a number of admirers.

"Your's, sincerely,

"W. D."

"Dear Sir,

"Please to accept my best thanks for the favour of your note, and the very kind attention you have shewn to an ill-fated attachment, which, I am sorry to say, is opposed by insurmountable obstacles. The females about me, whether from the envious dread of admitting into their society a lady of superior accomplishments, or from the still more illiberal prejudices which women usually entertain against poor relations, have cruelly determined that Miss Jenny shall not be received into the family. You would have been distressed, as I have, had you heard the volley of abuse which they have levelled against that amiable young person,—ugly, brutal, sly, mischievous, were some of their mildest epithets; nay, even yourself was not spared; for, on the first sight of your letter

ter, they called you a *pimping* fellow. In ſhort, my dear Sir, I am forced by theſe tyrants in petticoats to decline your very deſirable propoſal, which I do with all poſſible reluctance.

"All entreaties and arguments have proved vain, and I have now only the conſolation of ſending, through your kindneſs, a kiſs to the fair damſel, and of begging you to believe me,

"Your obliged,

"And very humble ſervant,

"E. L."

The Soldier *more humane than the* Farmer.

THE following ſingular circumſtance is ſaid to have happened in Cheſter market, early in laſt month:

A poor woman cheapened a meaſure of barley, for which the vender aſked 10s. She offered him 9s. which, it ſeems, was all the money ſhe was at that time in poſſeſſion of.—The proprietor of the corn, however, notwithſtanding the woman's poverty, (having a family of ſeven children) perſiſted in requiring 10s. for the buſhel of barley. The poor woman, not having money enough to make the deſired purchaſe, was under the neceſſity of leaving the haggler without making a bargain. She had not travelled very far before ſhe met with a ſerjeant, who, obſerving that her cheeks were bedewed with tears, became inquiſitive to know the cauſe of her diſtreſs.

On being told, he accompanied the woman to the man with the corn, and, after endeavouring in vain, to perſuade him to ſell the corn, at the price ſhe offered, the ſerjeant gave the farmer the other ſhilling—*in the King's name!!!* The woman became poſſeſſor of the corn, and the heroic votary of Mars, declaring that the cornſeller was enliſted, inſiſted upon his paying twenty ſhillings *ſmart money*, and five ſhillings to drink his Majeſty's health, if he did not chooſe to be ſworn into the ſervice. Some of the ſpectators adviſed the farmer to pay the money, without appealing to a magiſtrate. After intreating the ſergeant *in vain*, to *excuſe* the five ſhillings, he paid the whole ſum. The ſoldier gave the poor woman nine ſhillings, and to ſome of the beholders ſix ſhillings, retaining the other ten for his own uſe. Our publiſhing of this curious occurrence is not intended to ſhew our entire approbation of the ſoldier's conduct.

Anecdote *of* Lord Northington.

HIS Lordſhip, on his deathbed, ordered his gardener to cut down ſome clumps of trees, purely, as it is ſaid, becauſe they were agreeable to his ſon.——The gardener, willing to worſhip the riſing ſun, neglected to do it, expecting every moment the death of his old maſter. He, enquiring whether his commands had been executed, and being anſwered in the negative, eaſily conceived the gardener's motive for diſobedience, and ſending for him up to his chamber, thus addreſſed him—"So d—n you, you have not done as I ordered you: you think I am going, ſo I am, and be d——d to you, but you ſhall go firſt.——Strip him, and kick him out of the houſe."

A Trea-

A TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

(*Continued from page* 12.)

WHEN the cornea is only pricked by a thorn or otherwise, and the aqueous humour should run out, it will fill again in a day or two's time, as I have several times observed. When there is no great inflammation, a wound in the cornea will heal insensibly. But if the inflammation is considerable, it will open the wound, and let the watery humour out again, which had been renewed and kept in before, and sometimes the eye will become quite empty, and therefore we should always distrust this sort of wounds. But to prevent this as much as possible, we should dip two pieces of good flannel, of the breadth of two hands, in the following fomentation, letting them soak, and then wring out one and apply it very warm, but not too hot, over the wounded eye; and when the first begins to cool, apply the other. Let this be done alternately for half an hour, keeping the fomentation hot enough for the purpose. This management may be repeated twice a day, or oftener, till the swelling begins to sink, and the wound discharges laudable matter:

Take camomile flowers, elder flowers and red roses, all dried, of each half an ounce; of marshmallow leaves, an ounce; of sal ammoniac, half an ounce: pour of boiling water upon them, three pints. When the infusion is almost cold, strain it off, and then add half a pint of red port wine. It must be heated again to dip the flannel in.

OF PUSTULES, ABSCESSES, AND ULCERS OF THE HORNY COAT OF THE EYE.

PUSTULES, which sometimes appear on the horny coat of the eye, are of two sorts, *phlyctenæ*, and pustules, properly so called. The former are like small blisters, the latter lie a little deeper, and are filled with purulent matter, like pimples on the face. These disorders are generally the consequences of the inflammation of the eye, when the blood contained in the enlarged vessels does not disperse, but turns acrid and corrodes the part in which it lies, with this difference, that the acrid serum occasions phlyctenæ, and the red part pustules.

As the phlyctenæ are transparent, they appear to be of the colour of that part of the eye in which they arise. When pustules arise on the conjunctive coat of the eye, they are reddish at first, and afterwards white. But when they are on the transparent cornea, they look dusky at first, and in time turn white. All the danger lies in their turning to ill-conditioned ulcers; and if they do, they are very hard to heal. Phlyctenæ are not so bad as pustules; and they are neither of them so dangerous on the conjunctive as on the transparent cornea. When they are over-against the pupil, they are worst of all.

The cure of both is alike: and if they seem to be dangerous, you must begin with bleeding; keeping his body open, and make rowels as in the last section. Also dissolve five or six grains of sugar of lead, in three ounces of rose water, and dip a compress in rose water and the white of an egg beaten together, and lay it over the eye.

eye. This muſt be removed five or ſix times in a day. When they are attended with pain, ſteep as much ſaffron in new milk as will make it of a fine yellow, and mix it with an equal part of the mucilage of quinces, and drop in a little of the mixture warm. Afterwards lay a compreſs over the eye dipped in the ſame mixture, and renew it every two or three hours.

Note, this mixture muſt be freſh every day with new milk. The mucilage is made uſe of becauſe it is a little anodyne, and ſheathes the acrid particles that offend the eye, as well as it gives a body to the mixture, that it may lie on longer without drying. When the puſtules ſeem to give way, mix a little brandy with fennel water, and waſh the eye two or three times a day, which will ſtrengthen the eye, and bring it to itſelf the ſooner.

When the puſtule tends to a ſuppuration, apply ſome drops of the following eye-water to it ten or twelve times a day:

Take the root of marſh mallows, camomile flowers, and melilot, of each half an ounce. Boil them a little while in roſe water and fennel water, of each ſix ounces; then add a ſcruple of ſaffron, and ſtrain off the decoction.

Likewiſe, dip a compreſs in this water, and lay it over the eyes, as before directed. When the puſtules are long before they break, open them with the point of a lancet or needle, to prevent the matter from corroding the cornea, and rendering the ulcer more deep, which will be attended with a larger cicatrix.

When the puſtules break of themſelves, or have been opened, drop five or ſix drops of the following eye-water into the eye ſeveral times a day:

Take of lime-water, a pint; of ſal ammoniac, a dram: let them ſtand in a copper veſſel, till the water becomes of a fine ſky-colour, and then it is fit for uſe.

An *abſceſs of the cornea* is often the conſequence of a great inflammation of the eyes, when it does not terminate by reſolution. It ſometimes ariſes ſpontaneouſly, like other abſceſſes, from a hot, acrid ſerum, or from an extravaſation of the horny coat from external violence.

It differs from phlyctenæ and puſtules in being more deep, and the matter that forms it more thick. While this abſceſs is forming, the inflammation is violent, and the pain is great, which continue till the pus is formed. Sometimes the abſceſs is ſo ſmall as to take up no more room than a puſtule, and ſometimes it is ſo large as to take up a good part of the cornea. When the pus is collected between the pellicles of the external ſurfaee of the cornea, the tumour will point outward, like a nail; when in the middle, it is flat and depreſſed; and when more inwardly, there is no tumour on the outſide.

The abſceſs of the cornea is a very troubleſome diſeaſe, becauſe it is often attended with loſs of ſight, either on account of the deep cicatrix it leaves behind it, or from the ulcer it may happen to turn to, which is always very malignant. Beſides, the horny coat is ſometimes eaten through, and then the watry humour will run out, which is often attended with a diſplacing of the reſt of the humours; or, laſtly, the whole may ſuppurate, or, at leaſt, a part of it, when the abſceſs breaks into the eye.

The

The ſmaller the abſceſs is, the leſs is the malignity, and may be ſooneſt healed. Thoſe which are on the outſide of this coat, are not ſo bad as thoſe which lie in the middle of it; and thoſe are ſtill worſe which are formed near the internal ſurface. Thoſe likewiſe which are formed in the opake cornea are not ſo bad as thoſe in the tranſparent cornea; and the nearer they are to the middle of the pupil, the more dangerous are the conſequences.

In the cure of this abſceſs, we muſt make uſe of medicines as well general as particular. The general are bleeding, rowelling, clyſters, and laxatives, as before directed. When the inflammation begins to abate, and the matter that is collected does not appear to be of a bad quality, you may attempt to diſperſe it by a decoction of the flowers of camomile, and melilot, and the ſeeds of fennel, in equal quantities, in roſe water: to which add ſaffron enough to colour it, and ſome drops of the tincture of myrrh. The eye may be waſhed with this, and compreſſes laid over it as uſual.

When this or the like medicines do not diſcuſs the humour, we muſt have recourſe to the laſt remedy, which is to open the abſceſs with the point of a lancet to let out the pus, without waiting till it breaks of itſelf. The lancet muſt be applied to the moſt prominent part of the abſceſs, and penetrate ſo deep as to reach the matter that is formed, taking care, as the lancet is withdrawing, to make the aperture as wide as the ſemidiameter of the abſceſs.

Immediately after the opening, you may apply new milk tinctured with ſaffron, or any other anodyne application, to eaſe the pain; and then the eye water with lime water, and ſal-ammoniac deſcribed as before.

Ulcers of the *conjunctive* and *tranſparent cornea* are common diſorders, being the conſequence of inflammations, puſtules, abſceſſes and wounds; as alſo of the fluxions of ſharp corroſive humours, which proceeding from the glands of the eyes, by continuing therein, cauſe a ſolution of the continuity.

Ulcers are either ſuperficial or profound. The ſuperficial are uſually cauſed by ſharp corroſive humours, which eat into the eye; or by phlyctenæ, or by ſlight hurts of the eye. There are four kinds of theſe ulcers which only differ in degree. The firſt is a ſlight ulcer which appears like a kind of miſt upon the tranſparent cornea, and which occupies the greater part of it: This is nothing but the beginning of an ulcer, and is ſeated in the ſurface thereof, which ſome have called, but improperly, the cuticle. When this is healed in time, it leaves no cicatrix behind it.

The ſecond is an ulcer like the former, but is ſomewhat more deep and more white, and generally takes up leſs room. When it is cured, it leaves a ſlight cicatrix behind it, which a little incommodes the ſight when it lies over the pupil.

The third is a round ulcer and deeper than the former, and ſucceeds the opening of puſtules, looking white when in the tranſparent cornea, and appears reddiſh when on the conjunctive; when this is ſeated on the pupil, it obſcures the ſight after it is healed.

The fourth is a corroding painful ulcer, rough and unequal, of an aſh colour, appearing like a

lock of wool, when seated on the transparent cornea. This is the worst of the superficial ulcers, because it is apt to degenerate into one that is deep and sordid. When healed it leaves a thicker cicatrix behind it than the former.

Deep ulcers are neither caused by the opening of an abscess, or from other causes. They are divided into three kinds: the first is deep, narrow, and hard, and when it is seated on the transparent cornea, it does not change the colour, nor grow white after the cicatrization of the ulcer. When it affects the conjunctive, it is red on the edges, and blackish in the middle. The second is like the former, but larger. The third is a sordid ulcer, and the matter that runs from it is thick and of a bad quality.

It must be owned, the distinction of these ulcers is not very material; for the nature of them will readily appear upon inspection, as well as their differences; their names being of little signification.

The prognostics of ulcers may be drawn from the difficulty there is in healing them; from the pain and inflammation that attends them, from the nature of the ulcerated parts, and the symptoms that accompany them, such as the rupture of the cornea, the fungous flesh, the fistula, and the nature of the cicatrices. In particular, ulcers that occupy the conjunctive are not so dangerous as those that appear on the transparent cornea, much less on the pupil. Superficial ulcers are easiest to heal, and deep ulcers are attended with the most dangerous consequences. When a thin corrosive matter flows from an ulcer, which corrodes the adjacent parts, they are cleansed with great difficulty, and threaten the destruction of the whole eye.

In curing an ulcer when it is superficial, use the following eye-water: Take three ounces of rose-water, and dissolve it in ten grains of gum-arabic: then add five grains of white vitriol, and the same quantity of sugar of lead, and twenty grains of sugar-candy, make them warm, that they may dissolve the sooner.

Apply a few drops to the grieved parts ten or twelve times a day, and lay a compress over the eye, dipt in a mixture of rose water and the white of an egg beaten together. Or, instead of this, you may make it with the same quantity of rose-water, ten grains of camphire, and the same quantity of white vitriol, with a scruple of sugar-candy. The camphire must be rubbed with the sugar-candy, and the water poured thereon by little and little. But it will dissolve more intimately if it be ground with a third part of a blanched almond first, and then add the sugar-candy.

The camphire, by the subtilty of its parts, makes its way into the coats of the eye, and attenuates the gross matter; and by its balsamic qualities corrects the malignity of the humour.

To be continued.

List of STALLIONS *to Cover the ensuing Season.*

AT Mr. T. Dilly's stables, Epsom, Cœur de Lion, by Highflyer, at 2gs a mare, and 5s the groom.

The four following at Woburn Bedfordshire. Dragon a 10gs, a mare, and 10s 6d.

Sky-

Skyſcraper, at 55s. and 5s.
Mufti, at 5gs, and 5s.
Fidget, at 3gs. and 5s.
At Mr. White's farm, near London. Fortunio, 10gs, and 10s. 6d.
The four following at Bennington, near Stevenage, Herts.
Javelin, by Eclipſe, 20gs, and 10s. 6d.
Eſcape, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.
Toby, by Highflyer, at 2gs, and 5s.
Creeper, by Tandem, at 2gs, and 5s.

ON HUNTING.

LETTER XXV.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I Have ſeized the preſent opportunity of tranſmitting my further obſervations on the blood neceſſary for a pack of fox-hounds, and the likelieſt method of procuring it: and firſt, let me adviſe you never to attempt to find a fox after one o'clock; you had better return home, and hunt again on the next day. Not that I, in general, approve of hunting two days following with the ſame hounds: the trying ſo many hours in vain, and the being kept ſo long off their food, both contribute to make them ſlack, and nothing ſurely is more contrary to the true ſpirit of fox-hunting; for fox-hounds, I have already ſaid, ought always to be above their work. This is another particular, in which hare-hunting and fox-hunting totally differ; for harriers cannot be hunted too much, as long as they are able to hunt at all. The ſlower they go, the leſs likely they will be to over-run the ſcent, and the ſooner, in all probability, will they kill their game. I have a friend, who hunted his five days following, and aſſured me, that he had better ſport with them the laſt day, than the firſt.

I remember to have heard, that a certain pack of fox-hounds, ſince become famous, were many weeks from a mixture of indifferent hounds, bad management, and worſe luck, without killing a fox. However, they killed one at laſt, and tried to find another. They found him—and they loſt him—and were then, as you may well ſuppoſe, another month without killing another fox.—This was ill judged; they ſhould have returned home immediately.

When hounds are much out of blood, ſome men proceed in a method that muſt neceſſarily keep them ſo: they hunt them every day; as if tiring them out were a means to give them ſtrength and ſpirit: this, however, proceeds more from ill-nature and reſentment, than ſound judgment.

It is not the want of blood only, that is prejudicial to hounds; the trying long in vain to recover a loſt ſcent, no leſs contributes to make them ſlack.

I would adviſe you to adopt a different method: and, ſhould your hounds ever be in the ſtate here deſcribed, you will keep them freſh for the firſt fine day; when, ſuppoſing them to be all pefectly ſteady, I do not queſtion that they will kill their fox.

When hounds are in want of food, give them every advantage: go out early; chooſe a good quiet morning; and throw off your hounds where they are likely to find, and are leaſt likely to change. If it be a ſmall cover, or furze-brake, and you can keep

keep the fox in, it is right to do it; for the sooner that you kill him, when you are in want of blood, the better for the hounds.

When hounds are in want of blood, and you get a fox into a ſmall cover, it muſt be your own fault if you do not kill him there: place your people properly, and he cannot get off again. You will hear, perhaps, that it is impoſſible to head back a fox.—No animal is ſo ſhy; conſequently, no animal is ſo eaſily headed back by thoſe who underſtand it. When it is your intention to check a fox, your people muſt keep at a little diſtance from the cover ſide, nor ſhould they be ſparing of their voices; for, ſince you cannot keep him in, if he be determined to come out, prevent him, if you can, from being ſo inclined.—All kind of mobbing is allowable, when hounds are out of blood; (yet, how many foxes owe their lives to the too great eagerneſs of their purſuers.) You may keep the fox in cover, or let him out, as you think the hounds will manage him beſt.

Though I am ſo great an advocate for blood, as to judge it neceſſary to a pack of fox-hounds, yet I by no means approve of it ſo far as it is ſometimes carried. I have known three young foxes chopped in a furze-brake in one day, without any ſport; a wanton deſtruction of foxes, ſcarcely anſwering the purpoſe of blood, ſince that blood does hounds moſt good which is moſt dearly earned. Such ſportſmen richly deſerve blank days: and without doubt, they often meet with them. Mobbing a fox, indeed, is only allowable when hounds are not likely to be a match for him without it. One would almoſt be inclined to think blood as neceſſary to the men, as to the hounds, ſince the beſt chace is flat, unleſs you kill the fox. When you aſk a fox-hunter what ſport he has had, and he replies it is *good*, I think the next queſtion generally is, *did your hounds kill?* If he ſhould ſay they did *not*, the converſation ends; but if, on the contrary, he tell you that they did, you then aſk a hundred queſtions, and ſeldom are ſatisfied, till he has related every particular of the chace.

Earths ſhould be watched when there is ſnow upon the ground, for foxes then will lie at earth. Thoſe who are inclined to deſtroy them, can track them in, and may dig them out.

Should your hounds be in want of blood, it will at that time, be eaſy to dig one to turn out before them, when the weather breaks; but I ſeem to have forgotten a new doctrine which I lately heard, that blood is not neceſſary to a pack of fox-hounds. If *you* alſo ſhould have taken up that opinion, I have only to wiſh, that the goodneſs of your hounds may prevent you from changing it, or from knowing how far it may be erroneous *.

The ill luck which ſo frequently attends this diverſion, you have, no doubt, experienced, 'ere now. I can aſſure you it has provoked me often, and has made *even a parſon ſwear*. It was but the other day, we experienced an extraordinary inſtance of it. We found, at the ſame inſtant, a brace of foxes in the ſame cover, and they both broke at the oppoſite ends of it; the hounds ſoon got together,

* Thoſe who can ſuppoſe the killing of a fox to be of no ſervice to a pack of fox-hounds, may ſuppoſe, perhaps, that it does them hurt. It is going but one ſtep further.

and

and went off very well with one of them; yet, notwitſtanding this, ſuch was our ill luck, that, though the hunted fox took a circle of ſeveral miles, he, at laſt, croſſed the line of the other fox, the heel of which we hunted back to the cover, from whence we came: it is true, we perceived that out ſcent worſted, and were going to ſtop the hounds; but the going off of a white froſt deceived us alſo in that.

Many a fox have I known loſt, by running into houſes and ſtables. It is not long ſince my hounds loſt one, when hunting in the New Foreſt. After having tried the country round, they had given him up, and were gotten home; when, in rode a farmer, full gallop, with news of the fox; he had found him, he ſaid, in his ſtable, and had ſhut him in. The hounds returned; the fox, however, ſtood but a little while, as he was quite *run up* before.

Some years ago, my hounds running a fox acroſs an open country, in a thick fog, the fox ſcarcely out of view, three of the leading hounds diſappeared all of a ſudden, and the whipper-in, luckily, was near enough to ſee it happen. They fell into a dry well near an hundred feet deep: they and the fox remained there together till the next day; when, with the greateſt difficulty, we got them all four out.

Another time, having run a fox a burſt of an hour and quarter, the ſevereſt I ever remember, the hounds, at laſt, got up to him by the ſide of a river, where he had ſtaid for them. One hound ſeized him as he was ſwimming acroſs, and they both went down together.—The hound came up again, but the fox appeared no more. By means of a boat and a long pole, we got the fox out. Had he not been ſeen to ſink, he would hardly have been tried for *under water*, and without doubt we ſhould have wondered what had become of him.

Fearing I have already tired your patience, I ſhall here take my leave, and am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient

Humble ſervant,

ACASTUS.

EXPERIMENTS *on* GLANDERED HORSES, *made by the late* M. SAINBEL, *at the Veterinary School, at Lyons; extracted from the works of that ingenious Profeſſor.*

"THE inhabitants of Lyons," ſays the author, "are obliged by law, to give information to the ſchool, of all horſes affected with the glanders, in that city and the adjoining country; I had, conſequently, daily opportunities of making new experiments; being at liberty either to kill or preſerve the glandered horſes, for the inſtruction of the pupils. It would be unneceſſary for me to relate minutely all the trials I made; but I ſhall give an account of ſome, which from their effects I more attentively obſerved, the journals of which I have kept by me.

EXPERIMENT I.

Three horſes with the confirmed, ulcerated glanders, diſcharging copiouſly at the noſtrils, one ſeven years old, another eight, and a third eleven, were all put in the ſame ſtable, and under the following courſe of medicines.

1ſt.

1ſt. They were bled at the jugular vein.

2dly. An injection was thrown up their noſtrils, of lime-water, in which a ſufficient quantity of wine vinegar and ſalt had been mixed.

3dly. Their common food was reduced one third, and they had white water to drink.

4thly. To each was adminiſtered ſix drams of kermes mineral, and three drams of camphire, made into a bolus with flour and honey. The ſame injection as above was repeated twice a day.

The bolus was continued on the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days.

On the 8th day, I cauſed them to ſwallow in two doſes (one in the morning faſting, and the other at night) a quart of red wine, ſaturated with regulus of antimony. One of the horſes began to purge on the 9th day, at 5 o'clock in the morning, and it was over by 3 o'clock in the afternoon; the ſecond had frequent provocations without voiding at all; the third did not ſeem to be any way moved by the medicine. On the ſame day they were injected with ſpirit of wine and water, in which copperas and gall-nuts had been infuſed. On the 10th, the injection was repeated again. On the ſame day, they took the bolus with kermes, camphire, and honey.

On the 11th, no medicine whatever was given.

On the 12th, the running at the noſe was ſomewhat abated in all three; but the pituitary membrane appeared to be more inflamed; the bolus was given.

On the 13th, their food was reduced to half the quantity, the white water was given them in abundance, and an emollient clyſter adminiſtered to each of them.

On the 14th, the quart of red-wine ſaturated with regulus of antimony.

On the 15th, one of the horſes evacuated tolerably well, and the other two very little.

On the 16th, I repeated the injection as above.

17th, The ſame injection again.

18th, 19th, 20th, The injection again, and the bolus of kermes, camphire, and honey. The diſcharge was much diminiſhed in the firſt and ſecond horſes; but ſtill abundant in the third, through one of the noſtrils only. The lymphatic glands were ſtill in the ſame condition.

21ſt, 22d, 23d, 24th, The bolus and injections were continued.

On inſpection of the urine and dung, there was a ſtrong indication of great heat in the blood; conſequently, I ſuſpended the courſe of medicines, till the 30th day. In the interval they had plenty of white water to drink.

On the 31ſt, the urine and ſtools appeared to be in a healthy, natural ſtate.

32d, The bolus was continued. Injections were made with alum and white vitriol, mixed together over the fire, afterwards reduced to powder, and diſſolved in lime-water; to which was added a ſufficient quantity of vinegar.

33d, 34th, The injection was repeated twice a day, and the bolus continued.

35th, The running diſappeared in one of the horſes.

40th, The running ceaſed in the ſecond. The bolus and injections were continued every other day only. The general treatment was continued with the third, to the 55th day. The running ceaſed in him alſo after two months, from the firſt beginning. A ſtop was now put to all medicines. The obſtruction of the glands was removed alſo in one of

of the horfes, and remained very little difcernible in the other two. At this time, thinking it to be a fecondary effect of the difeafe, and fuppofing that the refolution was only in the conglobated glands, I imagined that time would complete the cure. Every thing feemed to promife it until the 72d day, when the running appeared anew in one; it fhewed itfelf at the end of three weeks in the fecond; and near three months elapfed before it returned in the third horfe; in all of them it was more violent than ever. The two former were firft killed for inveftigation. I found the frontal and maxillary finufes filled with purulent matter in both; the pituitary membrane was alfo ulcerated in many places; from whence I inferred that the injections had not penetrated into the fuperior cavities. On infpection, the back part of the mouth, the windpipe, the bronchias, and the lungs, difcovered no mark of inflammation: all the other parts appeared in their natural ftate. The third was afterwards killed and opened: I found that the frontal, maxillary, and zygomatic finufes, contained much bloody matter; the membrane was ulcerated to a great degree; the bones carious in many parts; and the lymphatic gland on the right fide was become fchirrous; I found in the right lobe of the lungs five vomicas, the bignefs of a pigeon's egg, or nearly fo. No other part feemed to be affected.

EXPERIMENT II.

Two faddle-horfes (the one Spanifh, the other Navarefe; the former nine years old, the latter feven) in the confirmed glanders, were put under the following regimen.

They were reftricted to a low diet for two days, and let blood the third. The 4th day they were trepanned; the Spanifh horfe on the left fide, becaufe the running was only there. The operation was performed on both fides the head of the Navarefe: the matter being difcharged from both his noftrils. After the operation, I injected through the openings a decoction of barley water and honey, to cleanfe the ulcers.

The 5th, I ufed the injection made with lime-water, vinegar, and falt. It was repeated twice.

The 6th, I gave to each four quarts of the fecond lime-water, fweetened with honey. This drink and the injections, were continued to the 15th day.

The 16th, the running had diminifhed one half; but the obftruction of the lymphatic glands was augmented.

The 17th, the running became more abundant; but the matter feemed to be of a better fort: The lime water was continued to the 30th, in the proportion of fix quarts a day. The horfes now becoming dull, and difgufted with their food, I fufpended the courfe of medicines till the 35th day.

The 36th, two quarts a day of a ftrong infufion of camomile was given to each. This was continued to the 42d. The dulnefs difappeared; their appetite returned; but the difcharge, as well as the obftruction of the glands, continued the fame.

The 43d, in the morning, I threw up injections with honeyed barley-water; in the afternoon, a fecond injection with alum, white vitriol, lime-water, and vinegar, was adminiftered. This was continued to the 50th day. At that time the matter was whitifh, and in fmall quantity; but

but the Spanish horse now discharged pus at both nostrils.

From the 51st to the 60th, injections were given, made with spirit of wine, copperas, and gall-nuts.

The 66th, the running had almost disappeared; both horses were in good spirits, and eat and drank as usual. They were walked out an hour every day.

The Spanish horse soon seemed to be well, and continued so about a month; after which time the running appeared again; the matter became bloody and fœtid. Convinced now of the inefficacy of remedies to him, he was killed. On opening the nose, I observed the membrane was corroded, particularly on the right side; the superior horn was almost destroyed, and the lachymal duct choaked up with purulent matter. The dissection of the brain offered nothing particular. The viscera of the abdomen was sound. A small portion of the interlobulary texture of the lungs had abscesses; but the matter had not penetrated into the bronchias. The lymphatic glands contained a concreted humour.

The Navarese preserved (to all appearance) perfect health from the beginning of June to the end of August in the same year. At that period, the running took place again; and in the space of three weeks the disease increased to such a degree, that I was obliged to kill the animal. On opening, I observed that the pituitary membrane was ulcerated in a great extent of its surface: the cartilaginous partition was attacked by the matter; the sinuses contained very little of it. All the intestines appeared sound.

(To be continued.)

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

AS a subscriber to your very entertaining work, and a constant reader since its commencement, I have experienced very great pleasure indeed. In the course of reading your last Number but one, (page 304) under the title of Honourable Sporting, I find an article, however, defended, nay even praised, to which I own I cannot subscribe; and having a leisure hour to spare, I thought I could not spend it better than in briefly throwing out a few hints, in answer to the remarks of *A True Briton.* May I add, that the insertion of it will much oblige

Your obedient servant,

A TRUE SCOTCHMAN.

St. Andrew's Square,
in the North,
September 8th, 1795.

I CONCUR with A True Briton most cordially in regretting that affluence, power, riches, and every thing desirable in this world, cannot exist without being the cause (if I may use the word) of silly, ridiculous quarrels betwixt parties, and where the most innocent, the most exalted, and the most amusing of characters, are often led into a fight with a fellow who is not a companion for a human being, and who, were it not for the *yellow dust* in his pocket, would be despised by every soul but the very *refuse* and *dregs* of the town.

In this situation, "satisfaction is the only alternative;" but what satisfaction, I would ask, is it to a great character to turn out, and where, even when they "resolve on deciding it in a manner so truly

truly applicable to the name they bear," (meaning the name of a True Briton) the only alternative is *kill me*, or *I kill you.* Grant that the parties are on a footing, I will be bold to ſay, that the man who, in ſuch ſituation, lays his hand on his heart, and ſays, I feel I have a monitor within me, and that monitor tells me it is trampling on the laws, not only of man, but of the Almighty, to take the life of a fellow creature, or to riſk my own on the turning of a ſtraw, (ſuch trifles they generally originate in) I ſay, I think his conduct ſhows more courage than a fellow who, deſpiſing both, ruſhes into eternity with all his ſins on his head, into the preſence of his creator; and ſuch are thoſe who *diſplay their valour* in duelling.

I could ſay a great deal more, and if the above meets with your approbation, I ſhall, at a future time, trouble you with a few hints on the bad effects of *duelling* in the moſt favourable point of view it can be taken; but I have already tranſgreſſed too much upon your time at preſent.

Extraordinary SPORTING PERFORMANCES.

(Continued from page 24.)

1789.

FEBRUARY 21ſt, Mr. Richard Thompſon (horſe-dealer of Derby) rode an aged black horſe, from Burton-upon-Trent, on the Litchfield road, ten miles, and back again, for a bet of twenty guineas. He was to ride the twenty miles in one hour and three minutes; but, notwithſtanding it continued to rain for ſome time after he ſtarted, and that he rode more than 11ſt. he won the wager, and had near two minutes and a half to ſpare. The horſe lived only four hours and a half after the race, though every effort was uſed to preſerve the animal's life.

28th, A hare was found near Felſted, in Eſſex, by Mr. Barnard's hounds, of Lindſey Hall; they went off with great ſpeed towards Great Leighs, Waltham, &c. and it was at laſt taken alive from out of a drain in a farm-yard, after running upwards of thirty-three miles in two hours.

March 6th, a trotting match took place on the Romford road, betwixt a horſe aged twenty-two, the property of Mr. Johnſon, of Bromley in Kent, and a mare five years old, belonging to Mr. Read, of London; the ſum, fifty guineas a ſide; the diſtance ten miles, which the horſe performed in thirty-four minutes, and the mare in forty-two. Ten to one before ſtarting was laid on the mare.

10th, Mr. Abraham Fenn, of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, ran from the Shoulder-of-Mutton Inn, in that place, to the Fox, in Raydon, and back again, which is upwards of eight miles, for a wager of 50l. He was allowed an hour to do it in, but performed it in fifty minutes, with the greateſt eaſe. Mr. Fenn was fifty years of age.

April 12th, Sir Henry St. John's park-keeper, at Dogmerſfield Park, near Odiham, for a conſiderable wager, ſhot ſix pigeons out of ten, with a ſingle ball. He afterwards, to decide a bet, hit a cricket-ball, with common ſhot, twelve times ſucceſſively, bowled betwixt the wickets, by Harris, one of the quickeſt bowlers in the Hambledon club.

May 6th, the gentlemen of Maddington, in Wiltſhire, with a couple of hounds that were matched, moved a hare, upon

Stoke-down, which, it is supposed, they ran near fifteen miles in three quarters of an hour, when it was killed by one of the dogs, which carried 4lb. weight of shot.

July 9th. William Aspinall, the famous pedestrian of Pontefract, at seven o'clock in the morning, set off for a trifling wager, to walk from Stamford, to and from Thorp-arch, four times, (a distance of 144 miles) in the space of forty-eight hours. He performed this extraordinary feat in forty-three hours—Great bets were depending on this exertion, and the winners made a collection and presented Aspinall with fifty guineas.

15th, Mr. Shadbolt, known as well by the name of Goliath) a reputable publican at Ware, remarkable for his great muscular strength, undertook for a considerable wager, to run and push his cart, from Ware to Shoreditch church, (the distance of twenty-one miles) in ten hours: which he easily performed within the space of six hours and a few seconds, without the least appearance of fatigue. Great sums were won and lost on the occasion.

August 27th, Mr. Nightingale, of Braintree, in Essex, for a wager of ten guineas, engaged to drive his horse, in a chaise, forty miles, in four hours and ten minutes, which was performed in three hours, fifty-seven minutes and a half, being twelve minutes and a half less than the given time.

27th and 28th, A very extraordinary single game at cricket was played in the Roebuok field, near Maidstone, between Boorman of Canterbury, and Woolett, of Wrotham, for 100 guineas. Boorman went in first, and had 213 balls; he made 168 hits, and got no less than 126 runs, when he was bowled out. Woolett's first innings was decided by a single ball; he then went in for second, and got seven in the first eight balls; the ninth he was again bowled out; consequently, Boorman won at a single inning, by 119 runs; though the odds at pitching the wickets, were 7 to 4 against him.

September 14th, Col. Ross for a bet of 800 guineas with Mr. Pigott, undertook to ride on one horse from London to York (202 miles) in forty-eight hours. He performed his journey with ease in forty-six hours and a half.

October 6th, during the meeting at Newmarket, the Duke of Queensbery, and Sir John Lade, mounted on a brace of *mules*, run from the Ditch-in, for 1000l. This ludicrous heat was very anxiously and obstinately contested. The event was in favour of the Duke.

November 9th, a bet of 100 guineas was decided on Ipswich race-ground, by Capt. Hull's horse, who was engaged to run fifty miles in three hours, which he performed with ease in two hours and fifty minutes.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH the subject of the following paper may not exactly come under a sporting head, yet I am convinced you would, at any time, give place to an article, in your respectable publication, that would prove advantageous to many of your subscribers. As there must, doubtless,

doubtless, be in your list many who are in possession of rabbit-warrens, plats, &c. &c. and who would certainly find their interest in the adoption of the measure alluded to, I trust it will be a sufficient recommendation to your attention, and remain

Your's, &c.

CH. CHESTER.

Chichester, Nov. 9, 1795.

A gentleman of the neighbourhood in which I reside, sometime back, presented me with a rabbit of six months age, which, when made fit for the spit, exceeded six and a half pounds weight. On my expressing my astonishment at its having attained such an amazing size at so early an age, he told me he had been in the habit of cutting his rabbits, for near two years, and found it to be a most profitable method. He then proceeded to inform me, that, when about six or seven weeks old, he performs the operation; and, though he supposes he has cut near 300, he never lost one in consequence of it. He has frequently, for the satisfaction of some of his friends, left one or two of a litter in their natural state; and has uniformly found the others, at seven or eight months, nearly double the weight of them, though partaking exactly of the same food, and all of them running together.

A friend of mine, who has a warren of great extent, has made a trial of the same nature, and is much pleased with the prospect he has of its proving of great utility. I shall conclude with recommending the adoption of it to such of your subscribers as are warreners, and will vouch for its becoming highly beneficial.

METHOD *of learning to* SHOOT FLYING.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following is a letter to a gentleman, a lover of shooting, who, together with some brother sportsmen to whom he shewed it, are desirous that it may be made public, by inserting it in the Sporting Magazine.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

Norwich, A SPORTSMAN.
Nov. 12, 1795.

" Sir,

" I TAKE this opportunity of communicating to you a method which occurred to me, for improvement in the art of *shooting flying*. I think it may prove a pleasing, as well as useful diversion, being more analogous to this art than the former scheme of shooting at a moving pendulum; as more time may be taken, and have the object move faster or slower, as you like. The method is as follows:

" Strain a line (about the size of common bed-cord) from two strong hooks drove into a wall, or two posts, at eight or ten yards distance, as your conveniency will permit. Another line must be strained under the former, about a foot lower. A board must be prepared, the size of a large sheet of paper, having a thick splint with a groove nailed on its back and upper edge, which groove must be so large and deep, that, when hung on your upper line, it may slide freely thereon without being thrown off, and it will move steadily by sliding against

against the lower line. Two ſmall tenter-hooks may be put into the upper corners, and two ſtrait pins into the lower corners of the board, for the greater eaſe of putting on and taking off a ſheet of paper, which is to be changed every ſhoot.

"By a ſmall line faſtened to each end of the board, it may be drawn from one end of your fixed lines to the other, either to the right or left, with as much ſwiftneſs as a perſon can run.

"If there is not room enough where the trials are made, to run ſtrait out, a pulley, or roller, may be fixed at each end of the ſtrained lines; and the ſmall line being put over the roller or pulley, the board or target may be drawn along by the perſon moving towards you in an angle with the fixed lines.

"The board being at one end of the lines, give the word for its moving; and, as ſoon as you ſee it move, cock your gun, and preſent it to the mark, and keep it in motion therewith; and, as ſoon as you ſee the muzzle juſt before it, briſkly draw the trigger, but continue in the ſame motion for ſome time after, leſt the gun ſhould hang fire, or not fire ſo quick as it ought to do; and this motion ſhould be performed by ſteadily moving the whole body.

"Variety of croſs and oblique ſhoots may be thus made, either to the right or left; and you may ſometimes raiſe one end of the ſtrained lines higher than the other, by which a greater variety may be made. Half a common charge of powder and ſhot (and the ſmaller the ſhot the better) will be ſufficient at ſuch ſhort diſtances, as it may be thrown into a circle of ten or twelve inches diameter.

"By this method, you will be able to judge of your error, and how to amend it in your next ſhoot, which cannot be ſo eaſily diſcovered when you miſs a bird; a perſon may, therefore, make greater progreſs by the practice of this method in a week, than in a whole ſeaſon ſhooting at birds, with this advantage, that he may uſe it when it beſt ſuits his leiſure. It will alſo remedy the inconveniency a young ſportſman labours under where game is not plentiful, as he may walk ſome hours for a ſhoot or two, which renders him ſo eager and unſteady, as not to take proper time when he happens upon one, and ſo miſſes his aim, or rather ſhoots without aim.

"I am alſo of opinion, it may prove an agreeable diverſion to many who have not leiſure either to take the field, or bear the fatigue which neceſſarily attends the purſuit of game; and would certainly be as harmleſs, and more manly, than many of our modern diverſions or exerciſes.

"Your's, &c.

Watford, "J. Dean."
October 7th, 1795.

Oct. 27.

Mendoza.

THIS noted bruiſer was, on Monday, tried before the Recorder, at Guildhall, for aſſaulting Rachael Joel.

The proſecutrix was a waſherwoman, and had waſhed for Mendoza's wife, on whom ſhe called for 18d. due to her on that account. Mrs. Mendoza referred her for payment to her huſband, whom ſhe chanced to meet in Duke's Place, where ſhe requeſted him to diſcharge the bill; Mendoza, inſtead of complying with this

this juſt demand, poured on her a torrent of foul language and diſgraceful epithets; but, unſatiſfied with abuſes, he proceeded ſtill farther, and ſtruck her ſeveral blows with his hands on the ſides of her face and head. The woman attempting to eſcape, ran away, but was purſued by Mendoza. who threw her down, and kicked her ſo violently on the loins, &c. that ſhe was obliged to confine herſelf at home for a conſiderable length of time, and could not by means of the hurt done to her, ſit with any eaſe for ſome months afterwards.

To prove his ſtatement, the learned counſel called Benjamin Nathan, Rebecca Marcella, and Hannah Solomon. All thoſe witneſſes agreed in their proof of the aſſault, and account of the tranſaction. The defendant, who belongs to the Aberdeenſhire fencibles, wore his regimental boots, when he repeatedly kicked Joel, which muſt have added to the violence of the kicks.

The counſel for the defence called three witneſſes, whoſe evidence was, that the firſt aſſault had been committed by the proſecutrix, who called him crimp, and ſnapped her fingers in the defendant's face. ſaying ſhe would be revenged on him.

The jury without any manner of heſitation, returned the defendant guilty.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

If you think the following remarkable account of a chaſe, which lately occurred with Mr. Pole's hounds, near Derby, worthy of inſertion. I am able to vouch for its authenticity, having myſelf lately come from that neighbourhood:

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 19th of laſt month, they threw off at Eggington Heath, and quickly having found a hare, they went off in good ſtyle; and, being preſſed very hard for a few rounds, the hare went off to Etwell, from thence to Radbourne, Bredſall, and Horſeſly, (having croſſed the Derwent juſt above Bredſall) where ſhe was headed back, and croſſed the river a ſecond time, with hounds and horſemen at her heels preſſing very hard. From the river, ſhe ran for Micklever. and from thence back to Eggington, where, after a chace of twenty miles in the ſpace of three hours, and almoſt without a check, ſhe was run into view, and killed.

Some remarkable bold leaps were taken during the chace; one, in particular, by Sir H. Every, Bart. which was allowed by all preſent, to be one of the greateſt they ever ſaw taken.

Too much cannot be ſaid of the excellence and extreme good order of Mr. Pole's hounds; they behaved, during the chace, with uncommon ſteadineſs, and are allowed to be the completeſt pack of harriers, for ſhape, bone, blood, and beauty, now in Derbyſhire, or the adjacent counties.

After the chace, the company in the field, conſiſting of twenty, were invited to the hoſpitable manſion of Sir Henry Every, where they continued their jollity and mirth till a late hour, and departed full of the praiſes of their worthy hoſt.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

A Constant Reader.

Windſor, Nov. 18, 1795.

The

The DIVORCE; *a Parisian Anecdote.*

October 10.

"A Few days since," says one of the last Paris papers, "a married couple determined on being divorced; but not being able to agree with respect to the disposition of the children, they referred the dispute to an aunt, to whose arbitration they respectively agreed to submit.

"We have *three* children," said the husband, "I insist on keeping *two*; the third shall be left to the care of its mother."—"But, I," said the latter, "have a right to *two*; the care of one will be more than sufficient for you."

"There is no way of settling this dispute," said the aunt, in a tone of the utmost gravity, "but by setting about to make immediately a FOURTH child."

This decision produced a laugh, and restored good humour. The contending parties embraced, and the idea of a divorce was forgotten.

To the EDITORS *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following are any ways applicable to your entertaining Miscellany, the insertion of them will oblige

Your's, &c.

Chester, VENATOR.
Oct. 11, 1795.

"In the year 1779, there was living, in the parish of Ripton, in Strafford, Charlestown, North America, Mr. Ebenezer Hurd, now in the 87th year of his age, and who began to ride post from New York to Saybrooke, in the year 1727, and continued to ride for forty-eight years successively, once in two weeks, and in each tour rode 254 miles;" this multiplied by 1248, the number of fortnights in forty-eight years, amounts to 361,992 miles, which is more than equal to twelve and a half times round the globe, allowing its circumference to be 25,920 miles; and is nearly as far as it is to the moon, and half way back. A man might reach the sun (if he could travel at the same rate) in 14,490 years.

Your account of a Cheshire sportsman shooting a bull, a cow, and a *covey* of pigs, brings to my recollection an anecdote of a gentleman of Chester remarkably fond of partridge netting, who, in drawing his net for a covey of birds, covered thirteen partridges, four pigs, and an old woman.

I am glad to give you an exception to the general cry of the scarcity of partridges in the neighbourhood of Chester;—within twenty miles round, the oldest sportsman never remembered them more plentiful.

A CARD, *and the* REPLY *to it.*

ABOUT ten or twelve years ago, some robbers broke into the house of a gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other articles. A few days afterwards, the following notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser:

A CARD.

"Mr. R——s, of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a

a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, &c. at his house, on Monday night, *In their haste*, they took away the tankard: they are heartily welcome to that; to the table-spoons, and to the light guineas which were in an old red Morocco pocket-book, they are also *heartily welcome*: but in the said pocket book there were several loose papers, which, consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him: he therefore hopes, and trusts, they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is, with all due respect, their's &c.

"W. R."

A packet was a few nights after dropped into the area of his house, containing the book and papers, with this apologetical epistle:

"Sir,

"You are quite a *gemman*. Your Madery we be's not use to, and it got into our upper-works, or we would niver have cribb'd your papers. They be all marched back agen with the red book. Your ale was mortal good, and the tankard and spoons were made into *a white soup* in Duke's plaice, two hours before day-lite. The old family watch-cases were, at the same time, made into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts* are *new christened*, and on their voyage to Holland: If they had not been *transported*, you should have had 'em agen, for you are quite a *gemman*; but you know, as they have been christened, and got a *new* name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe, Sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and wisit you by nite or by day, and are yours til death.

"A. B. & C."

THE FEAST OF WIT:
OR
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

GEORGE Alexander Stevens, (author of the celebrated Lecture on Heads) who was a man not very celebrated for œconomy, met Garrick one day near the theatre. "Davy," says Stevens, "I can inform you of a wonder!" "What is it?" says Garrick. "Why, replied Stevens, "I have gained 1000l. by my Lecture on Heads." "Indeed," says Garrick, "I must acknowledge that is rather wonderful." "And what is a much greater wonder" added Stevens, "I *intend to keep it!*"

Stevens, during his perambulations in the country, from town to town, with his Lecture on Heads, one day stopped at an inn, and being a little "dainty mouthed" at that time, desired the waiter to send him in a roast fowl immediately. The fowl was put down to roast accordingly; but as patience and hunger are seldom unanimous, hunger induced him to call out several times for the fowl, even before it could be well warm through. He hearing another person in an adjacent room asking the waiter many

many times if the d——d fowl was done, was at last induced to go out (fearing he should lose his supper (to know who had a right to the fowl he had ordered, and meeting the man in the passage, asked him, "pray, Sir, what right have you to that fowl by the fire? give me leave to tell you, Sir, I ordered it an hour ago, and d——e! if I think 'tis *fair play* for any man to claim another's *property*." "Brother Buskin," says the man, "moderate your rage; I don't want your fowl, nor *foul* language; I only want the *jack chain*, as my company are just playing Tamerlane, over the stable, and can't go on for want of a *chain*.

———

The itinerant Thespians are subject to many embarrassments and inconveniences; a stable, or hay loft, is often converted into a theatre, where, as Shakespeare says, "one man in his time plays many parts." One man frequently plays in (or gallops through) comedy, tragedy, farce, and pantomime; as I have known a poor fellow play King Henry, Richmond, Catesby, and Ghost, in Richard the Third, sing a comic song between play and farce, and in the farce go through two characters more, for which he has shared the *enormous* sum of one shilling, with four bits of candle nearly burnt out. I once saw King Lear performed by a country company; the character of Gloucester was played by a lad about 17 years old, who, having a very treacherous memory, had forgot his part after the 2d act; so that poor Gloucester, who is represented as blind, was obliged to *read* the remaining part, after his *eyes* were *out*, to the no small diversion of the company. One night, they were to play Othello; at the appointed time for the curtain to draw up, there being but a thin house, as they term it, Othello cried out (not having blacked his face) "d——e, if I black my face for such an audience as this; a white moor is good enough for them, and white moor they shall have too, if they have me;" accordingly, he went through the piece, to the surprise of all present, with his face as nature and snuff had coloured it.

LITTLE B.

———

A highwayman in Ireland lately robbed a collector of excise; it matters not, quoth the robber, you know we are *brother collectors*!

———

A NOVEL-READING *frail fair*, who constantly attends the theatres, retiring lately with a certain well-known dashing *brewer*—on his taking some liberties, she exclaimed—"a truce, Mr. ——; don't you recollect what Tenale once said to Dr. Johnson—that he never gave his *porter for nothing*!"

———

Nothing can equal the convenience of the present female fashion; it is only to pin the *petticoat* to the *cravat*, and put the *arms* through the *pocket-holes*, to be completely dressed.

———

When the great Duke of Cumberland was on his return to town, after the battle of Culloden, he called at Corby Castle, a seat of Mr. Howard. The family being from home, the gardener shewed his Royal Highness the curiosities of the place, and as they passed by the statutes, observed, that, "having a poetic genius, he had written some lines on every one of them." The Duke, curious to have a specimen of

of the gardener's poetry, asked him what he had written upon the statues of Cephalus and Procris; upon which the gardener turned to his common place-book, and read as follows:

"He bent his bow, and he shot at random,
And killed his wife for a memorandum."

A few days since, a gentleman went to one of the coach offices at the west end of the town, to take a place for Southampton, and upon his telling the clerk that his name was SALMON, the latter jocularly observed, that he supposed he meant to travel in the *basket*.

A poor woman went to a pawnbroker's shop, in Saint Giles's, and asked the lender of money if he had any second-hand shifts? No, replied the democratic rogue, but you should apply to the Minister; for he has more *shifts* than all the pawnbrokers in England.

In some *exceedingly fine* poetry, in praise of a very pretty woman, the poet calls her an *immortal toast*. We hope the poet is possessed of an *everlasting bottle*.

One of the innkeepers in the county of York must *be a bold man:* in a paper, a short time since, he advertises—"Robert ——, having taken and entered upon those spacious and *well-accustomed* premises THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, hopes for the assistance and encouragement of all gentlemen travellers, &c."

A *modern* moralist is now advertising "a comfortable boarding-house, for the reception of such WOMEN who, from their misconduct of *drinking*, and other vices, render it impossible for their *husbands* to live with them, &c." Progressive abstinence, it seems is the advertiser's plan, by which, without shocking the peculiar *delicacy* of the nervous system in the female habit, he pledges himself, in twelve months, to reduce any *lady* of taste and feeling, from a bottle of *gin* or *brandy* to a *solitary dram* of each per day!

A gentleman, in one of the provincial papers, begins an advertisement in the following words: "A gentleman wants a companion down into matrimony; he proposes setting out with all expedition; he intends going part of the common turnpike, or *interest* road, and striking out in the forest of Love about half way. His fellow traveller must be healthy, not too fat for the journey, and, for the sake of conversation, the *chattier* the better, &c. &c.

A bookseller at Paris, wishing to send some copies of the new constitution into the departments, paying the same postage as for the ordinary journals—was refused by the office, upon the objection that the *constitution* was not a *periodical work*. "There I beg your pardon," replied the bookseller, "this is *the third periodical number*."

A gentleman, singularly remarkable for his ugliness, passing the Pont Neuf, at Paris, was met by an elegant lady, who, in a very gallant manner, requested him to attend her to a distant part of the city; much elated by such an invitation, he accompanied the lady through many streets, till at length they arrived at a statuary shop, when on the master appearing, and requesting to know the lady's pleasure, she (pointing to the gentleman) replied,

plied, "comme ça," ("like that") and left the ſhop immediately; the gentleman, much ſurpriſed at the lady's abrupt departure, could not help aſking the ſtatuary what could be the reaſon; who anſwered him thus: "This lady, Sir, is a very good cuſtomer of mine, and has for ſome years employed me to caſt figures for her; now you muſt know, that, about ſix weeks ago, ſhe deſired me to caſt her a devil, of a peculiar deſcription; but, in conſequence of my not having a model ugly enough to make a mould from, I have begged the favor of her to procure me one; and, after a tedious ſearch, to my great good luck, the lady has been ſo fortunate as to meet with you!"

LADIES *and their* PUPPIES!

THE extreme attachment which the fair ſex have ſometimes ſhewn to domeſtic animals, has ſeldom produced a more ſingular advertiſement than the following, which appeared in the Daily Advertiſer, in the courſe of the month of November, in the year 1774:

"AN EXCEEDING SMALL LAP SPANIEL.

"ANY one that has (to diſpoſe of) ſuch a one, either dog or bitch, and of any colour or colours, that is very SMALL, with a very *ſhort round ſnub noſe*, and good ears;

"If they will bring it to Mrs. Smith, at a coach maker's, over againſt the Golden Head, in Great Queen-ſtreet, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, they may (if approved of) have a very good purchaſer.

"And to prevent any farther trouble, if it is not exceeding SMALL, and has any thing of a longiſh peaked noſe, it will not at all do.

"And nevertheleſs, after this advertiſement is publiſhed no more, if any perſon ſhould have a little creature, that anſwers the character of the advertiſement, if they will pleaſe but to remember the direction, and bring it to Mrs. Smith, the perſon is not SO provided, but that ſuch a one will ſtill at any time be hereafter, purchaſed."

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have been thinking that, as *life is a lottery*, you could not entertain your reader's more agreeably than by a depicture of it in your Magazine.

The infant who has lived (*vegitated*, if you pleaſe) only a few months, and then dropped into the grave, may be ſaid to have drawn a blank—The youth who has reached his 20th year, will be deemed to have drawn a 20l. prize—The man of thirty has been more fortunate; he has remained in the wheel till the tickets were almoſt half drawn, and may be rated at a prize of 100l.—He who reaches forty, in health and independence, has indeed been a ſucceſsful adventurer, and may be ranked among the few who get high prizes, and know how to enjoy them with decency and moderation. This, however, is the lot of very few; and the man who attains the age of forty years, in an uninterrupted flow of health, and free of all misfortune, is ſuch a phœnomenon in the *lottery of life*, that he may well be deemed one of *Fortune's favourites*.

We have inſtances, however, of

of people who proceed *peaceably*, and even *happily*, from the cradle to the grave. These are indeed the favourites of fortune, (or of nature, perhaps, more properly) who exist from the earliest ages of infancy to the latest ebb of life, without a torment to rack the heart, without a pang to corrode the bosom. But these instances are scarce, and the portion of misery dealt out to the generality of mortals is so equally distributed, and so mingled with happiness, that while no one has much cause of complaint, scarce any have great foundation of triumph.

It was the observation of a man of genius, that, take the whole of every person's life, from the birth to the funeral, each party had an equal proportion of happiness and misery in this life. How far this observation may have its foundation in fact, I will not pretend to say; but of this I am certain, that no man who has not from his own feelings, some degree of happiness in this life, can have a rational prospect of more supreme bliss in another.—In a word, " to be good is to be happy"—and the man who has most virtue, will find, to his durable satisfaction, that he has drawn the 20,000l. prize in the *lottery of life.*—I am, Gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

T. B.

Curious Observations *on the* House Swallow.

THE swallow is the most instructive pattern of unwearied industry and affection. From morn till night, where there is a family to be supported, she passes the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues and long walks, under hedges, pasture fields, and mown meads where cattle graze, are her assiduous delight, especially if there are trees interspersed, because in such scites insects do most numerously abound. When a fly is taken, a smart snap from her bill is distinctly heard, like that from the spring in shutting a watch-case; but the motion of the mandibles is too quick for discernment of the eye.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubator* of the house martins, and other little birds, announcing the approach of birds of prey; for as soon as an hawk appears, with a shrill, alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him, who join, and pursue in a body, buffeting and striking their enemy until they have driven him from the village, darting down upon his back in rapid flights, and rising in a perpendicular line, in perfect security. This bird will also sound the alarm, and have been known to strike at cats when they clime on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach their nests.

Of each species of *hirundo*, the swallow alone washes on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together.

The following anecdotes are not much in favour of the swallow's sagacity, however:

One, or rather a pair of these birds, built, for two year's together, on the handles of a pair of garden shears that were stuck up against the cave boards of an old out-house: what is still stranger, others built their nest on the wings and body of an owl that happened, by accident, to hang dead and dry from the rafter of a barn.

barn. This owl, with the neſt on its wings, and with eggs in the neſt, was brought as a curioſity worthy the moſt elegant private muſeum in Great Britain. The owner, ſtruck with the oddity of the ſight, furniſhed the bringer with a large ſhell, or conch, deſiring him to affix it juſt where the owl had hung ſuſpended.

The perſon did ſo, and the following year a pair, probably the ſame pair of birds, built their neſt in the conch, and laid their eggs. The owl and the conch make now a ſtrange groteſque appearance, and are not the leaſt curious ſpecimen in that wonderful collection of art and nature.

Thus is inſtinct in animals taken the leaſt out of its way an undiſtinguiſhing limited faculty, and blind to every circumſtance that does not immediately reſpect ſelf-preſervation, or lead at once to the propagation or ſupport of their ſpecies.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have taken the liberty of continuing my communication, which I ſhall be happy in ſeeing regiſtered in your Sporting Recorder.

Your's, reſpectfully,

Margate, CAPT. RAFFLE.
1ſt Nov. 1795.

OUR ſeaſon has been faſhionably, although not numerouſly attended; yet there never was remembered ſo great a number of people at this place, ſo late in the year, as there are at preſent.

The theatre cloſed an unprofitable ſeaſon laſt Friday: and as many of the benefits had been deficient, the manager generouſly gave the uſe of the theatre, free of expence, on that night, for the general emolument of the performers, whoſe benevolent purpoſe was gratified by the aſſemblage of an elegant and numerous audience.

Laſt night alſo finiſhed the amuſements of the rooms, on which occaſion a genteel and reſpectable aſſemblage met to partake of the laſt trip

"On the light, fantaſtic toe."

When the uſual hour of ſuſpending the dance arrived, the Maſter of the Ceremonies, with his ſilencing watch in one hand, and the inſignia of his office in the other, ſtept forward, and requeſting the attention of the company, addreſſed them in an elegant parting ſpeech, wiſhing them health and happineſs, and hoping to meet them with the ſame pleaſing ſatisfaction next year, as he had experienced this.

The company now retired to an elegant ſoupeé, on the invitation of Lord Eardley, at which Lady W—— aſſiſted (the office being now vacant) as Miſtreſs of the Ceremonies—but alas! elegant addreſs, and genteel deportment, now yielded to noiſy mirth, and boiſterous argument. We lamented the ſudden tranſition; we experienced with regret the retreat ſo recently made, and found our only conſolation to ariſe from the hope that, ſhould an union take place in conſequence of ſome ſtolen glances and other circumſtances of laſt night, which have promoted the ſuppoſition, the ſuavity of manners diſtinguiſhing one party, may tend to correct the maſculine vehemence and prominent turbulence of the other. A conſummation

mation most devoutly to be wished for, not only at the libraries, but at every other place of her ladyship's resort.—But,

"Women will have their WHIMS."

EAGLE SHOOTING.

From VAILLANT'S TRAVELS *into the Interior Parts of* AFRICA.

IN the neighbourhood of the bay, very improperly called Blettenberg, I found means to increase my collection with several beautiful birds, and even with some new species, which were common here in the woods: but I wished, above all, to procure one which more than once put my patience to the proof, and had like to have cost me very dear. It was a bald-buzzard *, of a most beautiful species. This bird, of the genus of the eagle, is almost as large as the ospray. Every day I saw it hovering over my camp, but at such a distance that it could not be reached by a ball. I however constantly observed its motions; and I made a person always keep watch, and never lose sight of it. One day that I had crossed the Queur-Boom, while walking along the bank opposite to that on which my camp stood, I perceived a number of heads, fragments of large fishes, and the bones and remains of small antelopes, strewed on the ground, near the rotten trunk of an old tree. I immediately concluded, that this must be the place where two of these bald-buzzards had established their fishery, or at least their ordinary haunt; and it was not long before I saw them soaring round in the air, at a great height. Without loss of time, I concealed myself in a thick bush; but this stratagem was not executed with sufficient alertness to deceive the piercing eyes of these two eagles. They doubtless observed me; for they did not descend. Next day, and for several days successively, I returned to my station, at break of day. I posted myself in the thicket, but all my vigilance was ineffectual. This business was very laborious; because, to go and return, I was obliged to pass the river twice; and at these times it was necessary to wait for the ebbing of the tide.

Tired out at last, as I wasted my time without being able to succeed, I took two Hottentots with me; and crossing the river, in the middle of the night, conducted them to a spot near the trunk of an old tree, where I made them dig a hole three feet wide and four deep. When it was made, I placed myself in it; and having ordered them to cover the hole over my head with a few sticks, a piece of a mat, and some earth, I reserved only a small opening, sufficiently large for me to put my fusee through it, and to see the old trunk. I then desired my people to return to the camp. Day approached, but the cruel birds did not make their appearance. The earth seeming to be newly thrown up, had no doubt rendered them suspicious; and this was a circumstance which I had not at first thought of. At the close of the night, I came forth from my hole, and went to pass a few hours at my camp; after which I returned, and interred myself as before. This expedient I continued for two days successively, with much patience. During that interval, the sun had dried the earth, and made it all of one colour. About the middle of the third, I observed the

* By some naturalists, called the sea eagle.

the female foaring above the tree, upon which fhe foon alighted, with a very large fifh in her talons. I inftantly difcharged my piece, and had the pleafure of feeing her fall, flapping her wings; but before I could difengage myfelf from my mat, and the earth which covered me, fhe fo far recovered her ftrength as to fly; and, brufhing the furface of the river, reached the other fide, where fhe expired.

The joy which I felt on finding myfelf in poffeffion of this bird, was fo great, that, without obferving that the tide was up, I threw myfelf into the water, with my fufee on my fhoulder; and I was not fenfible of my imprudence, till, in the middle of the river, I found myfelf up to the chin. To add to my misfortune, I was alone, and entirely unacquainted with fwimming. Had I attempted to return, the rapidity of the current would have undoubtedly thrown me down. Without knowing what was to become of me, I purfued my way, as it were, mechannically; and I had the good fortune to reach the oppofite bank: an inch more would have infallibly drowned me. I rufhed upon my bald-buzzard; and the pleafure of fecuring my prey, foon effaced every remembrance of fear and danger. I was, however, obliged to pull off all my clothes, and to fpread them out to dry; in the mean time, I amufed myfelf in examining my prize; and, when my clothes were perfectly dry, I returned without any danger to my habitation. When I arrived, I was told that feveral of my people were gone in purfuit of a buffaloe, which they had met with; and, towards evening, I faw them return, loaded with the limbs of the animal, which they had cut up on the fpot. Next morning, very early, I did not neglect to fend in fearch of the fragments, which they had left to attract birds of prey. This method procured me the male bald-buzzard; which differed from the female in nothing but the general diftinction of carnivorous birds, that of being always a third fmaller.

The fame morning, as I was fitting calmly in my chair, at the entrance of my tent, having before me a table upon which I was diffecting my bald-buzzard, an antelope, of that fpecies, called the *bof bock*, fuddenly croffed my camp, and paffed through my carriages; while my dogs, which had firft feen it, and which endeavoured to oppofe it, were not able to make it alter its courfe. After this alarm, it ran ftraight towards a net extended to dry, at the fide of my camp; tore it to pieces; carried away fome fragments of it; and, purfued by my whole pack, threw itfelf precipitately into the river. At the fame inftant, I faw nine wild dogs arrive, which had probably given chace to it, and which were following its traces. At the fight of my camp, thefe animals ftopped fhort, and, making a little tour, reached a fmall hill, upon which I had pofted myfelf; and from which, as well as I, they could fee their prey feized by my dogs and my Hottentots; who did every thing in their power to tear it from the teeth of the former, and to bring it to me alive. They indeed fucceeded effectually, after having lafhed its legs. Nothing could be more pleafant than to fee the fimple look of thefe wild dogs; which being ftill fpectators of this provoking fcene, had not quitted the eminence; and, being feated on their rumps

in

in a melancholy posture, sufficiently shewed by their impatient gestures what ideas they entertained of our injustice, and of their own right to the repast which we had deprived them of. I wished much to catch one of them, and some of my people crept softly along in order to reach them; but being more cunning than we, they suspected their manœuvres, and made off full speed. I sent a bullet after them, to thank them for the service they had rendered us; but, as it did not take effect, I might as well have saved myself the trouble. This antelope I attempted to preserve, and to tame; but it was so wild, the sight of my dogs inspired it with so much fear, and it struggled so much, and made so many violent motions, that it must infallibly have destroyed itself. To save it, therefore, from this torture, we killed and ate it.

This adventure, for more than eight days, afforded subjects for my wits to exercise their genius on; and they laughed at the poor wild dogs for having started the game, to see themselves so suddenly deprived of it.

It must however be allowed, that had not my dogs been supported by my people, they would not have been able to secure the antelope; for, though they were more numerous than the wild dogs, the latter were stronger, fiercer, and more courageous.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you were so polite as to insert the articles which I sent you last month, in your excellent Magazine, I beg the favor of you to place the following also. I am

Your's, &c.

Doncaster, R. B. S.
Nov. 12, 1795.

DONCASTER RACES, 1796.

First day.—The St. Leger stakes of 25gs each, p. p. by colts then three years old, carrying 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—two miles.

Ld Fitzwilliam's bay filly, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam (Termagant) by Tantrum.

Ld Grosvenor's bay colt, by Anvil, dam (Dido) by Eclipse.

Ld Grosvenor's bay colt, by Pot-8o's, dam (Muse) by Herod.

Sir Charles Turner's grey colt, Abraham Wood, by Delpini, dam by Prophet.

Sir Charles Turner's bay colt, Bird, by Aurelius, out of the dam of Hambletonian, by Highflyer.

Sir T. Gascoigne's grey colt, by Delpini, dam (Miss Tippet) by Morwick Ball.

Sir H. V. Tempest's bay colt, by Tandem, bought of Mr. Bowes.

Sir W. Lowther's bay colt, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam (Tulip) by Damper.

Mr. Wilson's bay colt, Needle, by Magnet, bought of Mr. Hammond.

Mr. Wentworth's grey colt, by Bourdeaux, dam by Florizel, bought of Mr. Dawson.

Mr. Wentworth's bay colt, by Pantaloon, dam by Florizel' bought of Mr. Dawson.

Capt. Sitwell's grey filly, by Delpini, dam (Rival) by G. Moorwick.

Mr. G. Crompton's bay colt, Cardinal, by Delpini, dam (Miss Judy) by Alfred.

Mr. Peirse's bay colt, by Drone, dam (Rosina) by Amaranthus.

Mr. Charles Smith's bay colt, by Jupiter, dam by Mungo, grand dam by Alfred.

THIRD DAY.

A sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added by the corporation of Doncaster, for fillies then 3 years old, to carry 8st. each.—two miles.

Ld Eitzwilliam's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of the dam of Evelina.

Ld Darlington's chesnut, by Volunteer, dam (Restless) by Florizel.

Ld A. Hamilton's bay, by Javelin, dam Highflyer, out of Maiden.

Sir R. Winn's chesnut, by Rockingham, dam by Javelin.

Sir H. V. Tempest's bay by Drone, dam by Amaranthus.

Col. Hamilton's black, by Highflyer, dam (Noisette) by Squirrel.

Mr. Dodsworth's bay, by Drone, dam by Chatsworth, sister to Arra Kooker.

Mr. Hartley's bay, by Delpini, dam (Nanny O) by Emilius, grand-dam by Old Squirt.

On Friday, in last York August Meeting, for the great subscription, Mr. Garforth's grey colt, by Phœnomenon, who won it, (rode by Mr. Thomas Field) ran the four miles, by Mr. Rhodes's watch, in seven minutes and four seconds, which was ran in less time, by 26 seconds and a half, than was ever done before. Huby, in 1792, when he won the great subscription, on Wednesday in York August Meeting, carrying 8st. 7lb. (rode by Leonard Jewison) he ran the four miles in seven minutes, thirty seconds and a half.

Kilton has won no less than seven 50l. plates this season, viz. 50l. at Middleham, 50l. at Preston, 50l. and 50l. at Knutsford, 50l. and 50l. at Litchfield, and 50l. at Shrewsbury, beating several good runners, viz. Janette, Polyanthus, Mary Ann, Susan, &c. &c.

Lord Egremont's bay horse, Gohanna, won no less money last year in prizes, than 4340 guineas, viz. 2000gs, 700gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket, 1200gs and 420gs, at Lewes, the King's plate at Canterbury, and 200gs at Newmarket, beating several of the first horses of this time, viz. Old Tat, Druid, Top Gallant, Doricles, Teucer, Waxey, Gautimozin, Royalst, Heroine, &c.

ROCKINGHAM

Will cover the ensuing season in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Bedale, Catterick, and Northallerton, in Yorkshire, at 10gs each mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom, provided thirty mares are subscribed for on or before the first day of December, 1795——Gentlemen inclined to encourage the above proposal, are requested to signify their intentions, and number of mares, to Mr. Rhodes of York.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

PACK *of* CARDS SPIRITUALIZED; *or the* CONSECRATION *of the* DEVIL'S BOOKS.

RICHARD Middleton, a private soldier, attending divine service with the rest of his regiment in the Kirk at Glasgow, instead of referring to a Bible, like his brother soldiers, to find the parson's text, pulled out from his pocket a pack of cards, which he spread before him. This singular

gular behaviour did not long paſs unnoticed, both by the clergyman and the ſerjeant of the company to which he belonged: the latter, in particular, commanded him to put up the cards; and, on his refuſal, conducted Middleton, after church ſervice, before the mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's indecent demeanour during the divine ceremony. "Well, ſoldier," ſaid the mayor, "what excuſe have you to offer for this ſtrange and ſcandalous conduct? if you can make any apology, or aſſign any reaſon for it, 'tis well; if you cannot, aſſure yourſelf that I will cauſe you to be ſeverely puniſhed."

DEFENCE.

"Since your honour is ſo good," replied Richard, "as to permit me to ſpeak for myſelf, an't pleaſe your worſhip, I have been eight days upon the march, with the bare allowance of ſixpence per day, which your honour will ſurely allow is hardly ſufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, waſhing, and other neceſſaries, and conſequently he may want without a bible, prayer-book, or any other good book."

On ſaying this, Richard drew out his pack of cards, and, preſenting one of the aces to the mayor, continued his addreſs to the magiſtrate as follows:

"When I ſee an *ace*, may it pleaſe your honour, it reminds me that there is only one God: and when I look upon a *two* or a *three*, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son; the latter, of the Father, Son, and Holy, Ghoſt. A *four* calls to my remembrance the *four* evangeliſts, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; a *five*, the *five* wiſe virgins, who were ordered to trim their lamps, (there were *ten* indeed, but *five* your worſhip may remember were *wiſe*, and *five* were *fooliſh*); a *ſix*, that in *ſix* days God created heaven and earth; a *ſeven*, that on the *ſeventh* day he reſted from all that he had made; an *eight*, of the *eight* righteous perſons preſerved from the deluge, viz. Noah and his wife, with his three ſons and their wives: a *nine*, of the lepers cleanſed by our Saviour; there were *ten*, but one only returned to offer his tribute of thanks; and a *ten*, of the *ten* commandments."

Richard then took the *knave*, placed it beſide him, and paſſed on to the *queen*, on which he obſerved as follows: "this *queen* reminds me of the *Queen* of Sheba, who came from the uttermoſt parts of the earth, to hear the wiſdom of Solomon: as her companion the *king* does, of the great King of Heaven, and of our moſt gracious King George the Third.

"Well," returned the mayor, "you have given me a very full and good deſcription of all the cards, except the *knave*."

"If your honour will not be angry with me," replied Richard, "I can give you the ſame ſatiſfaction upon that as any in the pack."

"No," ſaid the mayor, "I will not be angry, proceed."

"Well, reſumed the ſoldier, "the greateſt knave I know, is the Serjeant who brought me before you."

"I do not know," anſwered the mayor, "whether he be the greateſt knave or not, but I am ſure he is the greateſt fool."

The ſoldier then continued, as follows: "When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are three hundred and ſixty-five, ſo many days are there in a year; when I count how many

cards are in a pack, I find fifty-two, ſo many weeks are there in a year: when I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack, I find there are thirteen, ſo many months are there in a year. So that this pack of cards, indiſputably, proves itſelf both, bible, almanack, and prayer book to me."

The mayor calling his ſervants, ordered them to entertain the ſoldier, and giving him money, pronounced Richard Middleton, the clevereſt fellow he had ever heard of.

To the EDITORS *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAD heard ſo much of Goodwood, that, in the courſe of my late autumnal tour, I loſt no time in going to view, and inſpect it. The Duke of Richmond has certainly performed wonders, in extending his eſtate, and beautifying the barren downs of Suſſex. Putting the HOUSE out of the queſtion, (which is meant to remain only a few years longer, his grace having fixed upon a *princely* plan for another) the *ſtables*, &c. the *dog-kennel* *, the ſeveral *lodges*, the *temples*, and other buildings in his beautifully planted parks, are ſuch as few can have an idea of. The STABLES are the moſt convenient of any I ever ſaw, and are contained in a fine, modern, ſquare building. I do not know the extent of its front, but it is ſo large and handſome, that it is not uſual for coachmen to drive up to the entrance, fancying it to be the Duke's reſidence! About half a mile from the houſe, upon an elevated ſpot, ſurrounded with beautiful trees, is the DOG-KENNEL: it is a white brick building, of one ſtory, with ten large ſaſh windows in front, large folding doors in the center; and were it not for the ſmell of the meat continually cooking, it would be taken, from its extreme cleanlineſs, for a dairy, in which to keep milk and butter. There is every luxury for the hounds; a continual change of apartments to the ſeveral aſpects, with various out-houſes, yards, and pleaſure-grounds, with harbours for them to indulge in the ſunſhine or ſhade of the day.—In riding over the grounds, one is charmed with the beauty of the ſeveral vallies: in one, there is erected a very large PHEASANTRY, with a handſome building, diſtinguiſhed by an extraordinary large column, ſerving for a chimney. In another valley is charmingly ſituated a handſome ſtone houſe, in which Colonel Lenox and Lady Charlotte now live. When you mount the hills, you are ſurpriſed with the magnificence of the whole!—fine ancient trees, ſtanding alone or diſtantly in cluſters, in vallies, or in the ſide of hills, the tops of which are covered with modern plantations. I am informed, that, for ſeveral years paſt, the Duke has planted fifty acres each autumn. In the midſt of theſe large grounds, at a conſiderable diſtance from his houſe, is the DEER PARK, which has all the rough features of one abounding in fern, broom, &c. being, in fact, a foreſt of large ſpreading oaks, with venerable decayed branches. In the center of this park ſtand the venerable and romantic ruins of a very extenſive building. The pictureſque wildneſs of this ſcene, oppoſed to the neatneſs of the SHEEP-WALK, is pleaſing and finely contraſted!—His grace has begun a wall, to incloſe

* For a full account of his grace's ſporting eſtabliſhment, ſee our Magazine, vol. II. p. 300.

J. Scott sculp.

DUCK SHOOTING

Publish'd Dec.r 1st 1795 by I. Wheble, Warwick Court London.

inclose the grounds round the house, which, however, will encircle a space of near FOURTEEN miles.

Petworth grounds are very beautiful, and would have appeared grand, had we not just left Goodwood; but the house is a very fine old building, and well worth viewing; and the paintings are well chosen and excellent: the stables, dog-kennel, paddocks for horses, garden, &c. are, I suppose, as large, convenient, and as well kept up as any in England, taking them altogether.

The insertion of the above, if approved, in your Miscellany, will highly gratify a sincere well-wisher and

SPORTING TRAVELLER.

Newmarket, Nov. 19, 1795.

Of WILD-FOWL SHOOTING,

With an elegant descriptive Plate.

THIS race of birds, if we include all those which have the shape and conformation of the wild goose, duck, and teal, is extremely numerous, and there are no other birds which afford so many different species. But as of these, only the common wild duck are found in considerable numbers in England, we shall confine our description principally to them.

Wild ducks are birds of passage, and arrive here in great flights, from the northern countries, in the beginning of winter. Still, however, a great many remain in our marshes and fens, during the whole year, and there breed. They pair in spring, and lay from ten to fifteen eggs. The duck commonly constructs her nest at the edge of the water, upon some tuft of rushes which is a little elevated, and begins to lay in March or April: her incubation is about thirty days, and the young ones are most commonly hatched in May. The growth of their wings is very slow, and they attain more than half their size before they are able to fly, which happens about the beginning of August, and near three months after the time of their being hatched.

The wild-duck differs little in plumage from the tame-duck, but is easily distinguished by its size, which is less; by the neck, which is more slender; by the foot, which is smaller; by the nails, which are more black; and, above all, by the web of the foot, which is much finer and softer to the touch. The young ducks of the first year are distinguished from the old ones by the feet, which are more soft and sleek, and of a brighter red. They may also be known by plucking a feather from the wing; for, if the duck is young, the root or end of the quill will be soft and bloody; if old, this extremity will be hard, without containing any bloody matter.

In the summer season, when it is known that a team of young ducks are in a particular piece of water, and just beginning to fly, the sportsman is sure to find them early in the morning, dabbling at the edges of the pool, and amongst the long grass, and then he may get very near to them: it is usual also to find them in those places at noon. By means of a little boat, they may be shot at any time of the day, and this method succeeds admirably well on small pieces of water; for with the help of it they may all be killed. It will be still more easy to effect this, if the sportsman can contrive

to kill the old duck; in that case, he may tie a tame-duck by the leg with a piece of pack-thread to a pin of wood driven into the ground, at the edge of the pool; this must be done in such a manner, that the duck may be able to swim a little way into the water. He must then conceal himself within gun-shot. The duck will soon begin to quack; and as soon as the young ones hear her, they will come out to her, thinking it to be their mother.

If he wishes to take them alive, he has only to throw into the water, near to the tame duck, a few fish-hooks tied upon pieces of twine, and baited with pieces of the lights of a calf. The lines must be fastened to pickets placed at the edge of the water. In the beginning of autumn, almost every pool is frequented by teams of wild-ducks, which remain there during the day, concealed in the rushes. If these pools are of small extent, two shooters, by going one on each side, making noises, and throwing stones into the rushes, will make them fly up; and they will in this way frequently get shots, especially if the pool is not broad, and contracts at one end. But the surest and most successful way, is to launch a small boat, or trow on the pool, and to traverse the rushes, by the openings which are found; at the same time making as little noise as possible. In this manner the ducks will suffer the sportsman to come sufficiently near them to shoot flying; and it often happens that the duck, after having flown up, only make a circuit, return in a little time, and again alight upon the pool. Then the sportsmen endeavour a second time to come near them. If several shooters are in company, they should divide, so that two should go in the boat, whilst the others spread themselves about the edge of the pool, in order to shoot the ducks in their flight. In pools which will not admit a trow, water-spaniels are absolutely necessary for this sport, which should be large strong dogs, (see the copper plate annexed.)

Another good way to shoot ducks in winter, and especially in frost, at which time they fly about and are more in motion than at any other, is to watch for them in the dusk of the evening, at the margins of little pools, where they come to feed; they may then either be shot whilst they are on the wing, or at the moment on which they alight on the water. When the frost is very severe, and the pools and rivers are frozen up, they must be watched for, in places where there are warm springs, and waters which do not freeze. The sport is then much more certain, because the ducks are confined to those places in order to procure those aquatic herbs which are almost the only food that remains for them at this period.

In times of great frosts, there are also small rivers and brooks which do not freeze, and these afford abundant sport. If the shooter follow the course of these waters, at any time of the day, but particularly at an early hour of the morning, he will be certain to meet with wild-duck, which are then frequently lying under the banks, and among the roots of trees which grow on the edges, searching for cray-fish and insects; and the ducks will not get up until he is close upon them, and sometimes they will even lie until he has gone past, or are hunted up by his dogs.

OPAH,

Opah, or King's Fish.

Nov. 3d.

On Sunday last, a large and rare fish, called the Opah, weighing about 50lb. was left by the tide at Crammond. On Monday, it was transmitted to Mr. Weir, to be preserved in his valuable collection of natural productions.

In Pennant's Zoology, the following account is given of the Opah, or King's Fish:

We have only five instances of this fish being taken in our seas, four of them in the North, viz. twice off Scotland, once off Northumberland, one in Filey Bay, Yorkshire: and a fifth was caught at Brixam, in Torbay, 1772.

The last weighed a hundred and forty pounds. The length was four feet and a hal : the breadth two feet and a quarter; the greatest thickness only four inches. Its general colour was a vivid transparent scarlet varnish, over burnished gold, bespangled with oval silver spots of various sizes; the breast was an hard bone, resembling the keel of a ship; the flesh looked and tasted like beef.

We find a more ample description of another, by Mr. Robert Harrison, of Newcastle:

Newcastle, Sept. 12, 1769.

On Saturday last, was thrown upon the sands at Blyth, a very rare and beautiful fish, weighing between seventy and eighty pounds, shaped like the sea bream. The length was three feet and a half; the breadth from back to belly almost two feet; but the thickness from side to side not above six inches.

The mouth small for the size of the fish, forming a square opening, and without any teeth in the jaws. The tongue thick, resembling that of a man, but rough, and thick set with beards or prickles, pointing backwards, so that any thing might easily pass down, but could not easily return back, therefore these might serve instead of teeth to retain its prey. The eyes remarkably large, covered with a membrane, and shining with a glare of gold. The cover of the gills like the salmon.

The body diminishes very small to the tail, which is forked, and expands twelve inches: the gill fins are broad, about eight inches long, and play horizontally; a little behind their insertion, the back fin takes its original, where it is about seven inches high, but slopes away very suddenly, running down very near the tail, and at its termination becomes a little broader: the belly fins are very strong and placed near the middle of the body: a narrow fin also runs from the anus to the tail.

All the fins, and also the tail, are of a fine scarlet; but the colours and beauty of the rest of the body, which is smooth and covered with almost imperceptible scales, beggars all description; the upper part being a kind of bright green, variegated with whitish spots, and enriched with a shining golden hue, like the splendour of a peacock's feather. This, by degrees, vanishes in a bright silvery, and near the belly the ground again predominates in a lighter ground than on the back.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Having frequently noticed in your Magazine, Observations on a Tax on Dogs, as an object

object of serious consideration to the public, and worthy the notice of the legislature, I am induced to send you the following extract, which I have taken from a letter just published on this subject, addressed to Francis Annesley, Esq. M.P. by the Rev. Dr. Barry; in which the author has examined the matter with great candour, thrown out a number of well digested hints, and combined a judicious measure of state policy with a laudable zeal for the interest of humanity.

" Of taxation, in the present circumstances of the country, even the very mention requires an apology;—but when it is only offered, by way of substitute for others, more objectionable, and less productive, I can have very little hesitation, Sir, in cordially proposing it for you serious attention and earnest endeavours. That such a tax is as practicable as any other, cannot admit of the smallest doubt; since every person might be required to enter his dog on the same list, and under the same regulations, as he would his horse, or otherwise to take out a licence for keeping it, in the same way as he is now called upon to do for the use of hair powder; and every dog thus licensed, should have a numbered collar placed round his neck; and such as was found at large without this badge of distinction, should either be destroyed, or else detained, for the purpose of detaining its owner, to fine or punishment.—A tax on dogs has long been established in the Isle of Man; indeed, that, and another on publicans, constitute the whole of its domestic taxation *. Sporting dogs are rated in much greater proportion than common ones; but the contrary of this, to obviate the evils I have already complained of, should be adopted here.

" It may not be amiss, in this place, to give some probable conjecture of what are the present number of dogs in this country, with a view of ascertaining, in some degree, what would be the annual produce of a small impost on each: supposing then that we fix the number of people in England at eight millions, and if we may be allowed to calculate the number of houses, by the number of people, and give five people to every house, it would make the number of houses to be one million six hundred thousand! If then, this statement be admitted as a fair one, the next object will be to make some estimate of the number of dogs, by the number of houses; that there are many houses in every city, town, and village, without even one of these animals to each, is a fact most readily allowed; but when the greyhounds, fox hounds, terriers, and sporting dogs of every description, which are kept in such profusion all over the kingdom, are taken into the account, it does not appear as very improbable, that if the aggregate collection of dogs were equally apportioned, that there would be found an adequate number to supply each house with one.

" You will perceive, Sir, that I have ventured on this point rather hypothetically, and cannot therefore pretend to draw any certain conclusion from it; but if I have not wandered in this particular very far from the truth, and the calculation is considered as reasonable, the number of dogs, would in that case, plainly amount to as many as the number of houses; and if we afford to every

* Vide Robertson's Tour through the Isle of Man.

every dog, large and small together, sixpence a week for his food; it would amount, in the whole, to the yearly sum of two millions, and eighty thousand pounds, an income not very much exceeded in the absolute expenditure for the maintenance of all the parochial poor of England! And if only five shillings were levied on each dog, supposing the present number to be still retained, it would produce the enormous annual revenue of four hundred thousand pounds! but admitting, for the sake of argument, that only one half of this income was collected, or, if you please, only one half of that, which would be an hundred thousand pounds annually, surely, it would well answer the purposes of taxation."

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING a constant subscriber to your useful and elegant Publication, which is held in great estimation among the sporting circles in our city, allow me to request the insertion of the following trifles; and, if approved, I shall take the liberty of transmitting, at a future opportunity, many articles that may perhaps be found highly interesting to the generality of your numerous readers.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your well-wisher,
A FRIEND OF THE TURF.
Carlisle, Nov. 3, 1795.

CUMBERLAND HUNT.

The Egremont meeting is to be on the 14th of December.

Saturday last concluded the

Cumberland Hunt and Carlisle Races.—No former meeting has exceeded, and few have equalled this, either in number or respectability.—The diversion in the field, and the sport on the turf were excellent, although the weather proved unfavourable; not so much, however, as to prevent the gentlemen from going out each hunting morning with Mr. Warwick's hounds.—In the hours of social enjoyment, nothing but mirth, united with the most perfect cordiality, prevailed "There man was endear'd unto man," and "festivity reign'd at their board."—The balls were distinguished by a most brilliant display of beauty, elegance, and fashion; while gaiety and good humour were the leading features of the dance.—Nine new members were elected; Henry Howard, Esq. and Henry Fletcher, Esq. appointed stewards for the meeting of next year.

CARLISLE RACES.

TUESDAY.

Mr. Hill's mare - -	1	1
Mr. Hutton's - - -	3	2
Mr. Mangle's - - -	2	3

THURSDAY.

Mr. Lumley's ch filly -	1	1
Mr. Milburn's b horse	2	2
Capt. Hill's - - -	drawn	

SATURDAY.

Sir W. Hamilton's b c	1	1
Mr. Clifton's b Mare -	2	2

FOR THE SILVER WHIP.

Capt. Hill's b h Shuffle 1st—Mr. W. Losh's br mare 2d—Major Dalzel's ch. g. 3d.

The following remarkable instances of longevity are extracted from the parish register of Dissington, near this town:—the respective deaths happened between the end of the year 1784 and

and that of 1794—a period of ten years—It is a small parish containing only about three square miles.

	YEARS
Catherine Dixon, aged	84
Sarah Crosthwaite -	85
William Nicholson -	86
Elizabeth Bacon - -	82
Isabella Nicholson - -	88
John Crosthwaite - -	93
Abigail Greggs - -	93
Joshua Barwise - - -	86
Mary Marshal - - -	92
Elizabeth Grayson -	99
Francis Harrison - -	84
Thomas Waite - - -	86
Robert Saul - - -	84
Jonathan Herring - -	83
Jane Barnes - - - -	85
William Benson - - -	94
James Musgrave - -	80
Mary Monkhouse - -	80
Henry Bacon - - -	96
Mary Todd - - -	88

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

Covent-Garden, *Nov.* 9.

A New comedy, called Speculation, from the sprightly pen of Mr. Reynolds, was performed, for the first time, on Saturday evening; the principal characters of which were thus represented:

Tanjore,	Mr. Lewis
Alderman Arable,	Mr. Quick,
Project,	Mr. Munden,
Jack Arable,	Mr. Fawcett,
Sir Frederick Faintly,	Mr. Claremont,
Captain Arable,	Mr. Middleton.
Lady Catherine Project,	Mrs. Davenport,
Cecilia,	Miss Mansel,
Emmeline,	Miss Wallis.

The Scene is laid in London and its vicinity.

The plot is far from being systematic; the following are the prominent features of it, as far as we could collect them:

Sir Charles Tanjore dying, leaves Emmeline, an only daughter, with a fortune of 5000l. per annum, under the guardianship of Project, an unprincipled speculist, who, ultimately failing in some very extensive fraudulent plans, is arrested and lodged in the King's Bench.—Emmeline forms an early attachment for Captain Arable, to whom she is about to give her hand in marriage, when the union is broke off in consequence of some family quarrel. He goes abroad: and she is so much affected at the cruel separation, that she contracts an illness, which is followed by a fever and mental derangement; recovering, however, Project, who has applied part of her fortune to his own purposes, keeps her confined under various pretexts, with an intention of forcing her to marry his cousin; until, at length, by means of Cecilia and Jack Arable, she escapes.

Alderman Arable, an agricultural speculist, has long been imposed upon by Project: but, being at length convinced of his villainy, sends him to prison for having embezzled the fortune of his niece, Emmeline, and bestows her hand on Captain Arable, the object of her choice, although he had previously intended her for his own son, Jack Arable.

Tanjore, after having dissipated an ample fortune at the gaming-house, is sent to India by Sir Charles: but, failing in his pursuits, and escaping from prison there, he returns to England pennyless. He is the principal means of exposing the dishonesty of his cousin, Project, to Alderman Arable, and thereby gains his esteem. Being sent to the King's Bench prison for the amount of a taylor's bill, he gets into the same apartment with Project

Project, each of whom depends on the other for the means of liberation—the latter, until this time, supposing Tanjore to have come home from India immensely rich. Before matters are properly explained, a curious scene takes place between them, which is terminated by the Alderman releasing Tanjore, and leaving Project in the *college*, as it is wittily termed.

A rich relation of Tanjore now returns from India, who effectually relieves him from his embarrassments, and marries his sister, Cecilia, with which, and the union of Emmeline with Captain Arable, the whole concludes.

Such is the outline of a piece, on the merits of which we confess ourselves under some difficulty to form a decisive opinion. It abounds in farcical incidents, which rapidly succeed one another, with very little attention to consistency or nature: but if reason wanders ungratified, risibility meets with ample indulgence; and in most of our popular modern comedies, the currency of the latter is accepted in lieu of the sterling value of the former.

Mr. Reynolds has *speculated* very extensively in *wit*, it is therefore not at all astonishing that in many of his adventures he should miscarry. The language is certainly very sprightly, well adapted to make an audience merry, and displays many traits of original humour and genius; in a few instances, however, we recognized some *old friends*, but not without *new faces*.

In no part does the author lose sight of *moral speculation*, poetical justice is every where dispensed, and the whole conveys a very excellent lesson to mankind, as it holds up to ridicule various customs of life which ought to be despised, and a series of venal pursuits which call for the execration of every liberal and honest mind.

Alderman Arable (a citizen and farmer) is an original, well-conceived character; it is a satire on those persons who quit pursuits adapted to their capacities and education, for others with which they are totally unacquainted. The Alderman, being ignorant of the business of a farmer, is every way imposed upon: but we have no doubt he will, in the end, produce a very abundant *crop*.

His son, Jack Arable, is a student of law, to which he pays very little attention. His keen touches at the profession afford much pleasantry, and the manner in which he expressed his disinclination to frequent Westminster Hall, which he describes as a market full of *black cattle*, attended by very few *buyers*, almost convulsed the audience with laughter.

The characters of Emmeline, Project, and Tanjore, are sketched in the account of the plot. The latter is a gay and elegant portrait.

The Epilogue is a dissertation on modern fashions and customs. It is well written, and was admirably spoken by Lewis.

The performers were all very happy in their exertions; each of them felt a considerable degree of interest in the success of the *Speculation*.

The comedy was received with the most universal tokens of approbation we ever witnessed, and was given out for a second representation, amidst the reiterated plaudits of a crouded audience.

SANS SOUCI.

THE popular performance at this theatre of mirth, rank foremost among the fashionable entertainments of the day. It consists of an olio of satire, ridicule, humour, music, and song, which the author calls *Will o' the Wisp*. Like every other of Mr. Dibdin's former productions of this ingenious and singular kind, the present performance affords food for laughter, and creates no small share of admiration at the fertile resources of the author's brain, and his unwearied exertions in the service of the public. The songs, which are the most valuable part of all Mr. Dibdin's entertainments at Sans Souci, have this year considerable variety, and a few of them may be ranked among his most happy ballads. The *Sailors Journal* in particular bids fair to rival *Poor Jack*, or any other of his fortunate nautical songs. The thought is delicate and natural, and it is managed with great pathos and dexterity. *Mad Peg* also has much melody in it; among the humorous, those that promise to be the most popular, are *Peggy O'Blarney*, *Mooring*, *Batchelors' Wives*, the *Dream*, and the *Town Crier*. The rest are compositions not devoid of merit, but they have not equally strong claims to commendation. The vehicle of the songs as usual, is a whimsical piece of patch work, made up of occasional strokes of satire, strayed jokes, and old stories newly applied, which altogether, being tolerably well blended, keep the audience in good humour, and afford as much amusement as the public can expect to receive, for near three hours successively, from a single performer, and indeed more than any other individual perhaps, could create, were he to hazard the attempt. Mr. Dibdin's manner in the delivery of the diction, is not the most advantageous to the effect of his entertainment—it is, by far, too precipitate, and thence frequently blundering and imperfect. A little more time taken in his speaking would be of service.

It is not true that Mrs. Abingdon intends returning to the stage from which she has withdrawn herself near five years; rich in the patronage of her numerous friends, who are equally zealous for her happiness in her retirement, as they were anxious in protecting her against that abuse, which is the invariable attendant on those who are favoured with the approbation of a partial public.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
And, like the shadow, proves the substance too.

A poetical essay on modern play-writing, at present engages the attention of Peter Pindar.

Mr. Cumberland has another play on the stocks, which is expected to be launched about the middle of January.

Bannister, jun. has been sitting to Beechey for his portrait.—The likeness produced, in less than an hour, is so strong, that, if it proceeds thus, there will be the most correct record of his countenance that was ever transmitted.

The Dublin theatre opened with the tragedy of Othello, and the comedy of the Miser. In the latter piece, Wilson was the Lovegold. There was an interlude of poney races.

An

OCT 30.

An under performer of Drury-Lane Theatre, was rudely seized in St. James's Street, on Friday evening, in consequence of one man being overheard to tell another, that he was sure that man was a *conspirator*; but when an *eclaircissement* took place, it was discovered, that the expression merely alluded to his identity as an actor in *Venice Preserved*, and not to any improper interference in the riots of that day. When his pockets were emptied, they found the play of *Much ado about Nothing*, and a tobacco stopper, cut out of the Stratford mulberry-tree.

NOV. 20.

Thomas Linley, Esq late proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre, died yesterday morning, at his house in Southampton Street, Covent Garden.

Mr. Sheridan has parted with a portion of his shares —Messrs. Grub and Richardson are his brother proptietors.

Shaw, the excellent leader of the band, has paid 4000l. for the musical management.

The ten lower private boxes of this theatre level with the pit, Mr. Sheridan has fixed at the price of 4000l. each, for fourteen years.

Mrs. Twisleton has closed her engagement at Shrewsbury theatre.

The tragic heroine at Bath is a Miss Betterton, about seventeen, who has very hopeful powers for one at that age.—Her father, who uses the *knock-me-down* argument to his pupil, in teaching her to dance, said once to her in a passion, "*sink! sink! sink!*" "So I will, papa," she artlessly replied, "if you won't *damn*."

Rock, the celebrated dramatic Irishman, is engaged to join the Newcastle and Edinburgh squadron.

Madame Banti is engaged for two years at the opera. In the concert line Mara has determined to oppose her.

The Margrave of Anspach embarks 12,000l. in the Italian operaticals next season, and with the Margravine, patronizes Mr. Texier, who is to have the management.

Mrs. Jordan has been offered 100l. a night by the Dublin Manager, which she has declined.

Kemble, Bannister, jun. Munden, Kelly, Incledon, Mrs. Crouch, and Mrs. Martyr, are engaged for an Irish trip next summer.

Reynolds has sold his Speculation for 300l. reserving his copy right. But the usual liberality of Mr. Harris is not expected to stop here.

Mr. Coleman, it is said, is to have a thousand pounds for his new opera, getting up at Drury Lane Theatre, with great expence of scenery and decoration.

The play of Vortigern is not yet in preparation, either as to scenes or dresses, if the manager himself is to be credited.

OLD PLAYS.

A modern makes himself merry with Mr. Kemble's collection—"Nobody (he says) *has read them*." The public do not know the extent and value of this great dramatic library.

It

It consists of many hundred volumes, uniform in size, by the page being let into writing paper. With all the contributions from such friends as Mr. Stevens and Mr. Malone, the cost has been 2000l.

The immense labour of collating the whole Mr. Kemble has gone through: at the end of each play he minutes down the day on which he read it, and a brief character of the work.

So laudable a thirst after the knowledge of a profession is an object of levity only to light minds. Such collections illumine the darkness of antiquity, and recover the force and purity of language.

The collection of Garrick has been the theme of learned approbation: and yet, compared with the present, it is slender.—Let us hear no more of this jargon of derision, by which disappointed folly attempts to blind the discernment of the public. It is the best praise, to unite with excellence in a particular pursuit, the general accomplishments of the gentleman, and the pursuits of the scholar.

The following curious action for an assault, we understand, was tried at the late Durham assizes: A Mr. William Smith was plaintiff, and Major Skelly defendant. The action took its rise from a circumstance that has caused frequent disturbances at public places. The fact in question was this.—The band in the orchestra of the Durham theatre were playing the air of "God save the King," and part of the audience stood up with their hats off. Mr. Smith did not accompany them in this obeisance to the *notes of a fiddle*. Major Skelly, after repeatedly urging Mr. S. to take off his hat, at length forcibly pulled it from his head, and threw it upon the stage. Mr. S. in resentment of this rude and improper behaviour, brought an action against the Major for damages, which were awarded him with costs of suit.

The late Mr. Faulkner, of Lincoln, who died a few days ago in confinement in Lincoln Gaol, for debt, experienced as many vicissitudes in life, as would furnish a volume—In his juvenile state he had not stability to continue to one profession:—the *stage* first offered itself, but engaging with a *manager* of a *sharing* company, to gratify his *dramatic furor*, and after performing *Hamlet*, singing two comic songs, dancing a hornpipe between the play and the farce, he finished the night's performance with *Jerry Sneak*, in the Mayor of Garrat, and shared 9d. and an inch of candle for one evening's performance. — Since that period he took to recruiting for his Majesty's service, but from too volatile a temper, and an open unsuspecting nature, with too great a confidence in *certain* speculating attornies, he died in the custody of the sheriff of Lincoln.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am a constant peruser of your entertaining Magazine, and am in my heart a true sportsman; that is, there is no species of sport to which I am totally a stranger. Horses are the chief source of my amusement. I love to hear of the performances of that noble animal in whatsoever class he may be. It is incumbent on me and every other

other lover of merit to thank you Gentlemen for your indefatigable exertions in mentioning every thing that occurs in the Sporting world with such elegance and exactness, but at the same time I trust you will not think me impertinent, when I give you a hint about one diversion of sportsmen, which I do not recollect ever seeing fully treated of, I mean the "Art of Driving;" some few anecdotes have occasionally been inserted in your Miscellany, but what I am sure would be useful and entertaining, namely, a "*Digest of the Art of Driving*," has been totally omitted. Another fund of amusement may be drawn from a pursuance of this plan, namely, some biographical anecdotes and exploits of mail and stage coachmen. Indeed, when I hear every day of a Bailey*, a Franklin, vulgarly called *Ginger Will*†, whose horses were killed last August by lightning, when the name of Dan Hebert and James Bird, resounds from Litchfield to London, I am, I must own, a little astonished at not having seen them in your Magazine. You and your ingenious correspondents no doubt will be able to find in different parts of the world some anecdotes which may throw light upon the Art, as well as entertain the reader—again I will venture to assert many famous horses may be traced in the coaches, famous as far as being remarkably strong fast trotters, or having grown old in their daily and hard work, can render them and others famous for their sufferings. Should this letter appear worthy of your consideration, an intimation in your next will induce me to furnish you with some anecdotes of these *gentlemen*, which I shall be able perhaps to procure; and if you should meet with any thing of the kind, an insertion of it will very much oblige

Your humble Servant,

A FRIEND OF THE WHIP.

Oxford, November 20,
1795.

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* Bailey, alias Jack Bailey, is a man remarkable in the lower class of sportsmen, being famous for his bull dogs, his cocks, and his knowledge in the art of seconding a man in the noble science of pugilism. He drives the Birmingham coach.

† Ginger Will is remarkable for keeping time without distressing his horses. He drives the Salop mail.—Dan Hebert, well known for his excellence in hitting his near-side leader.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PUGILISM.

October 10. A quarrel took place in the Fleet Prison between a Mr. Reed, who has been some time a prisoner there, and Lieut. Proctor. The dispute took place after supper, about one in the morning. The parties fought for a considerable time, and were encouraged very much by the persons who were present; and at nine o'clock in the morning Mr. Reed expired of the bruises he received. Mr. Proctor does not seem to be much hurt.

NOV. 8

A pitched battle, for a considerable sum, was fought last week at great Thornage, near Holt, in Norfolk, between Benjamin Pile, otherwise young Big Ben, and James Harmer, commonly called the fighting carpenter; when after a severe contest of three quarters of an hour hard fighting, where more valour than skill was shewn on both sides, victory was declared in favour of Harmer.

DUELLING.

Nov. 1, A duel was fought near Gainsborough, between Henry Dalton, Esq. of Knaith, and Captain Eyre, of Lincoln. After an exchange of shots, the seconds, Sir Jenison Gordon and Lord William Beauclerk, interfered, and a reconciliation took place; the quarrel originated about shooting.

Nov. 8, A duel was fought in a field near Kensington, between Lieutenant E. W——, of the light dragoons, and Capt. S. of the marines, both lately returned from the West-Indies. The parties agreed to toss up for the fire, which fell to Lieutenant W. whose shot nearly proved fatal to his adversary, as it grazed his breast. Captain S. then fired, and slightly wounded Lieutenant W. in the arm: a second case of pistols were afterwards discharged but happily without effect, before the seconds could adjust the difference, which originated in the discussion of some military manœuvres, wherein Captain S. had spoken disrespectfully of a friend of Lieutenant W's.

In consequence of a dispute which took place in Covent Garden Theatre, on Friday se'nnight, a meeting took place on Saturday morning, November 7, between Sir W. Clarke and Captain Brock, at Hyde Park Corner; but, on some persons assembling, they removed to Bayswater. Sir W. Clarke, who received the challenge, discharged his pistol, but happily without effect: Captain Brock's pistol missed fire; on which the seconds interfered, and the matter was adjusted to mutual satisfaction.

Nov. 22, a duel was fought in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, between Pierce Power, Esq. and Lieutenant Hare, of the fourth regiment of Irish Brigades. One discharge only took place, by which Mr. Power was wounded in the calf of the leg, the ball passing quite through, and Mr. Hare's breast was grazed. Mr. P. was brought in a carriage to Surgeon Adrien's in Eustace-street. The seconds, on this occasion, were Pierce Power, Esq. of Clogheen, county of Waterford, and Lieutenant Blake, of the same regiment, with Lieut. Hare. It was with great difficulty their interference prevented a second discharge, and the combatants parted irreconciled.

ARCHERY.

Oct. 5. The Wantage volunteers had a grand field day, at Letcomb Castle, and among the different evolutions was that of firing at the target, in which they distinguished themselves in so able a manner, that would have done honour to the most veteran corps; after which, they were regaled at the expence of their Captain, with an elegant dinner, in a tent pitched for that purpose on the downs, near the Castle, where the remainder of the day was spent with the greatest conviviality.

Nov. 9, The three societies of the Lancashire Bowmen, and the Broughton and Middleton Archers, met at Chadderton, the seat of Sir Watts Horton, Bart. to shoot for Lady Horton's annual prize, an elegant gilt quiver full of arrows, at the distance of sixteen, twelve, eight, and four roods; when, after a complete display of skill in the science of archery, the prize was won, by a great majority of casts, by Mr. Thackeray, after giving up the outward circle of the target, as having won it the last year. The weather was fine, the company brilliant, and the day concluded with the greatest hospitality and harmony.

MIS-

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lewes, Sept. 19.

Laſt Thurſday a game of cricket was played at Broadſtreet-Green, Herſtmonceux, that pariſh againſt the neighbouring one of Waldron, which terminated in favour of the latter. It was remarked, at the above cricket-match, that notwithſtanding the *young gents* of both pariſhes were preſent, not one of the *female ſex* appeared to grace the lawn, which proved a great diſappointment and mortification to the *bucks*, who attended, full primed, and in full aſſurance of having the pleaſure of conducting the ruſtic fair ones to their reſpective homes, on an evening as delightful, as that country is propitious to the *ſports* of LOVE and GALLANTRY.

Oct. 16, a remarkable race was run in the hilly road, near Galleywood Common :—A *ſagacious butcher* of Chelmsford, for a conſiderable wager, betted a *little Criſpin*, that he could not run a mile ; ſhortly afterwards he betted a jolly *nave-maker*, that he could not run a mile : they agreed to toſs up for choice of ground, when the *knight of the ſteel* won, and he fixed upon the ſpot before mentioned ; previous to ſtarting, Criſpin and the Wheeler offered terms to the Butcher, but he would not accept them ; according they met at four o'clock in the afternoon, and *little Criſpin* performed his race in twelve minutes, and *Old Spoke*, in ten, by which the knowing butcher was completely taken in.—J. P. *Scruple and Conſcience*, and C. M. the *Indian Chief*, were ſtewards; and J. S. *Knight of the Comb*, was clerk of the courſe.

Oct. 19, a trotting match for 200l. between Smuggler, the property of Mr. Sutton, of Honingham, and Gold-leaf, belonging to Mr. Sippens, of Carlton, in Norfolk, carrying ſixteen ſtone each, was decided on the Attleborough road, on Thurſday laſt, in favour of the former horſe, who performed with eaſe fourteen miles within the hour. The ſuperior quantity of dead weight which Gold-leaf carried was much againſt his ſpeed, which his rider perceiving, when both horſes arrived at the 13-mile ſtone, very prudently gave in.

Oct. 27, a horſe belonging to a farmer in Deeping-Fens, hunting with Dr. Willis's hounds, made a ſpring of ſeven yards in length over a three-bar gate. The leap, however aſtoniſhing here, would be conſidered as nothing in Ireland : a gentleman at Limerick has a horſe, which about two months ſince leaped twenty ſix feet in length, clearing at the ſame time a hedge in the centre of more than four feet in height.

Early in laſt month, in the pariſh of St. Helen, Abingdon, three perſons died in one day, whoſe ages together made two hundred and fifty-one, viz. Thomas Waite aged 88, William Stacey, 84, and John Crutch, 79.

Mrs. Errington, wife of the deceaſed gentleman of that name, who was ſhot* laſt ſummer by Miſs Broaderic, died laſt week, at Grays, in Eſſex. She never overcame the ſhock which ſhe received at her huſband's death.

Oct. 28, the driver of the Epping ſtage coach was convicted at the Public Office, Whitechapel, in the penalty of 40s. for ſuffering more than ſix perſons to

* See our Magazine, Vol. VI, p. 66.

ride on the roof of his coach; and the driver of the Bury, Halsted, and Sudbury stage coach, in the penalty of six pounds, for suffering nine persons to ride on the roof of his coach.

Nov. 4, a handsome young woman, about nineteen years of age, was discovered among the recruits of a regiment of horse now quartered at Carlisle. She had enlisted at London, and had joined the corps about five weeks ago, since which she had constantly attended her duty in the riding lounge, and undergone all the other hardships of military discipline with cheerfulness and alacrity. Her reluctance to sleep with her comrades, and certain circumstances in her behaviour when she arose from bed in the morning, at last created suspicions, which led to the discovery of her sex. It is said that she was bred a milliner in London, and that a quarrel with some of her relations impelled her to abandon her prof ssion, and embrace that of a soldier. We have known many instances of the Fair becoming foot soldiers, but we do not remember any, where they voluntailry submitted themselves to the laborious profession of a *horseman*.

At the last Swaffam coursing Meeting, the annual cup in honour of the memory of the late Earl of Orford, was won by Mr. Coppin's Caroline, beating Mr. Poppin's Xcuse, Mr. Pottinger's Drone, and Mr. Holt's Bardolph. The week afforded very fine sport, and it is expected the meeting next year will be more numerously attended.

In the Tower, a lioness whelped on the 1st of June, 1794. She brought forth 3 females. They were all, in honour of Lord Howe named thus: the first, *Miss* Charlotte Howe; the second, *Miss* Mary Howe; and the third, *Miss* Fanny Howe! *Miss* Charlotte is dead; but the other two young *ladies* are very bounding and lively *girls!* One of them has such wonderful agility, that were it not for her high rank, she would make a good *Opera-dancer!*

Mr. Wilson, of Martley, in Worcestershire, has in his possession, a mare which was the property of his great grandfather two years, his grandfather ten years, his father fifteen, and himself 12 years.

A man who for many years past has been blind, is daily seen in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn, playing on the sticcado; he is 95 years of age, and what is remarkable, he is led about by his wife, who has attained the 98th year of her age: saving the infirmity of his optics, they neither of them experienced a day's illness.

His Grace of Bedford's political corps of Crops is daily increasing:—at their inrolment, they pledge themselves, on their *honour*, neither to tie up, nor powder their hair, until they, and their illustrious commander shall see more prosperous days!

A SINGULAR PAIR.

There are two well dressed men upon the town, and genteely connected, that procure a tolerable income, by the following practices. The one of them lives by *summoning* and *fining* Hackney Coachmen. The other by going to clubs and public dinners, and *changing of hats!*

Mr.

Mr. Fiſh, at the Bald Face Stag, Epping Foreſt, a ſhort time ago had a favourite horſe killed, that to all appearance had lived in great miſery for a long time, when opening, a ſtone was found, which weighs fourteen pounds, and meaſures twenty-ſeven inches in circumference; the ſtone is thought to be the greateſt curioſity ever ſeen of the kind.

Among the curioſities in the Univerſity of Leyden, is the effigy of a Ruſſian peaſant, who ſwallowed a knife ten inches long, and is ſaid to have lived eight years after it was cut out of his ſtomach. The way in which he happened to ſwallow it, was by putting the handle of it down his throat, in order to produce vomiting; but in the reaching thus excited, he happened to let go the blade, on which the whole handle ſlipped down into his ſtomach, part of the blade remained in the gullet. An inciſion was made upon the handle, which was diſtinctly felt, and no very remarkable ſymptoms took place. There is alſo a ſhirt made out of the entrails of a man.

An Iriſh officer has ſtruck out a new mode of gambling for recruits, which has proved extremely ſucceſsful. He gives five guineas boun'y, and one hundred to be raffled for by twenty recruits, the winner to be paid immediately, and to purchaſe his diſcharge, if he pleaſes, for 20l.

At his recruiting office in Dublin, the DICE BOX is continually at work.

At Winchelſea, a chicken that was loſt on the 18th of Auguſt, and had on that day, as it has ſince appeared, been ſhut up in a box by ſome children at play, was, eighteen days afterwards, the third of the preſent month, found therein and alive, although there was not a poſſibility of its getting at one grain of ſuſtenance. When firſt diſcovered it was too weak to ſtand, but owing to great care and attention is now in a ſtate of recovery.

CASUALTIES.

At eleven o'clock on Monday night, October 5, on the arrival of the Bath Coach, at the Golden Croſs, Charing Croſs, the coachman having diſmounted, in order to collect his fare from the paſſengers, and to deliver ſome parcels, a thief availed himſelf of the opportunity of ſeizing his great coat, which was thrown on the box, and, at the ſame time, of laſhing the horſes, they proceeded in full gallop along the Strand, through Holywell Street, into the Angel Yard, St. Clement's, with two outſide, paſſengers, a man and a woman. What is remarkable, ſeveral ſcaffolding for the repair of houſes, were erected in Holywell-ſtreet, and there are two gateways to paſs into the Angel Inn yard; three of the horſes were blind; the paſſengers received no damage, except the man who loſt his wig, which he lamented very much, as he ſaid he had worn it thirty years without powder.

The following melancholy accident happened at Monmouth, on November 3. The driver of a poſt-chaiſe, belonging to the King's Head Inn in that town, after returning from a journey, went down to the Wye, with his carriage, in order to waſh it, but being unacquainted with the river, he backed it into a place below the bridge, called the Pond.

From the extreme depth of the water, the carriage was inſtantly carried by the ſtream beyond the reach of help, and in a few minutes the horſes were drowned. The poſtillion got upon the roof of the chaiſe, but being unable to retain his ſeat, ſwam about for a ſhort time, but notwithſtanding ſeveral boats put off to his aſſiſtance, he periſhed in the preſence of many ſpectators.

A notorious fowl ſtealer was laſt week burned to death, at a lime kiln, near Weſton, in Somerſetſhire; he went, it is ſuppoſed there to warm himſelf, and falling aſleep, was ſuffocated, after which the burnt lime fell on him.

A few days ago a melancholy accident happened at Llanymynech, in Shropſhire. A young gentleman, who had been out a ſhooting with a companion, on calling in the evening at a friend's houſe, diſcharged his fowling piece, as it was his conſtant practice to do; but his friend neglecting this precaution, it occaſioned a moſt unhappy miſtake. The young gentleman on his departure taking his friend's gun inſtead of his own, and calling on his way home at the Croſs Keys in Llanymynech, whilſt he was ſitting there in company, with his gun under his arm, it accidentally went off, and killed one Roberts on the ſpot. This unfortunate man had been many years a ſervant to the father of the young gentleman; the latter had a particular regard and kindneſs for him, and his diſtreſs at the fatal cataſtrophe may be more readily conceived than deſcribed. The Coroner's Inqueſt brought in their verdict——Accidental Death.

October 31. A party of the Life Guards being ſtationed in King-ſtreet, Covent Garden, while his Majeſty was at the Theatre, laſt night, one of the horſes became reſtive, and making a violent plunge, one of the loaded piſtols in the front of the ſaddle went off in ſuch a direction, that the contents lodged in his ſhoulder. The report created much alarm in the neighbourhood, and it was not diſcovered from whence it came until the rider diſmounted and found out the cauſe. The horſe fell in a few minutes, in conſequence of the loſs of blood, and was ſhortly after carried off in a cart.

Mr. Orme, of Edith Weſton, Rutland, being in purſuit of plovers, with a double barrelled gun, ſhot at a ſingle bird, which he killed, and immediately without waiting to take it up, followed the flock, as it was his intention to diſcharge the other barrel at them, but was prevented, by their being at too great a diſtance; on taking the gun from his ſhoulder, the right hand barrel was perceived to be burſt nine inches from the breech, ſeven inches of the external part of the barrel blown out, the tail pipe forced entirely away, and part of the barrel turned nearly over the ramrod. It is preſumed had not this been diſcharged on horſeback, very ſerious conſequences might have happened, which was prevented by the poſition at the time of firing.

One day laſt Month as Mr. Biſhop of Iſlip, near Oxford, was ſhooting with ſome friends, his gun burſt, and tore off three of his fingers. It is feared an amputation of the whole hand muſt take place.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

MONSIEUR TONSON;

A TALE.

Recited by Mr. Fawcett, at Covent-Garden Theatre; and the Readings, at Freemason's Hall.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd Tom King,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and *smoke*,
In short, for strokes of humour, quite the *thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck, and blood,
Would crowd, his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flowed in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game, till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight;
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the numerous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known at that time by the name of refugees—
The rod of Persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When in a window near, a light they view;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may suppose near 2 o'clock)
" I'll ask," says King, " if Thompson lodges here"—
" Thompson," cries t'other, " who the devil is he?"
" I know not," King replies, " but want to see
" What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call *culotte*;
An old strip'd woollen night-cap graced his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rouz'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
" Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late;
" I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait;
" Pray tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

" Sir,"

"Sir," reply'd King, "I merely thought to know,
"As by your houſe I chanc'd to night to go—
"But, really, I diſturb'd your ſleep I fear—
"I ſay, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
"Among the folks who in this ſtreet may dwell,
"If there's a Mr. THOMPSON lodges here?"

The ſhiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
The buſineſs of this unimportant kind,
Too ſimple to ſuſpect was meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a ſigh that thus his reſt ſhould break,
Then, with unalter'd courteſy, he ſpake—
"No, Sare, no Monſieur TONSON lodges here."

Our wag beg'd pardon, and toward home he ſped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But King, reſolv'd not thus to drop the jeſt,
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a viſit to the place,
To break once more the poor old French man's reſt.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
No footſtep ſeem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in ſuch a ſleep profound;
King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his poſt determin'd to remain;
And oft' indeed he made the door reſound.

At laſt, King hears him o'er the paſſage creep,
Wondering what fiend again diſturb'd his ſleep;
The wag ſalutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out to heighten the ſurpriſe,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
"Is there—a Mr. THOMPSON—lodges here?"

The Frenchman faulter'd, with a kind of fright—
"Vy, Sare, I'm ſure I told you, Sare, laſt night—
(And here he labour'd with a ſigh ſincere)
"No Monſieur TONSON in de varld I know,
"No Monſieur TONSON here—I told you ſo;
"Indeed, Sare, dere no Monſieur TONSON here!"

Some more excuſes tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman ſought once more repoſe.
The rogue next night purſu'd his old career—
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my ſoul, no Monſieur TONSON here!"

Our ſportive wight his uſual viſit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whoſe tongue indeed than any jack went faſter—
Anxious ſhe ſtrove his errand to enquire,
He ſaid "'tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,
"He ſhould not ſtir till he had ſeen her maſter."

The damſel then began, in doleful ſtate,
The Frenchman's broken ſlumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
King told her ſhe muſt fetch her maſter down,
A chaiſe was ready, he was leaving town,
But firſt had much of deep concern to ſay.

Thus urg'd, ſhe went the ſnoring man to call,
And long indeed was ſhe obliged to bawl,
E'er ſhe could rouſe the torpid lump of clay—
At laſt he wakes—he riſes—and he ſwears,
But ſcarcely had he totter'd down the ſtairs,
When King attacks him in his uſual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And ſtrait in rage began his creſt to rear—
"Sare, vat the devil make you treat me ſo?
"Sare, I inform you, Sare, three nights ago,
"Got tam, I ſwear, no Monſieur TONSON here!"

True as the night, King went, and heard a ſtrife
Between the haraſs'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which would deſcend to chaſe the fiend away;
At length to join their forces they agree,
And ſtrait impetuouſly they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmneſs of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty ſhock,
Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly ſtood—
The *name* of THOMPSON rais'd the ſtorm ſo high,
He deem'd it then the ſafeſt plan to fly,
With, "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In ſhort, our hero, with the ſame intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of miſchief was the wicked wit!
They threw out water—for the watch they call,
But King expecting, ſtill eſcapes from all—
Monſieur, at laſt, was forc'd his houſe to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On ſome fair proſpect ſought the Eaſtern clime,
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot;
At length, content, amid his rip'ning ſtore,
He treads again on Britain's happy ſhore,
And his long abſence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the ſame night, as former freaks ariſe,
He fain muſt ſtroll, the well-known haunt to trace.—
"Ah, here's the ſcene of frequent mirth," he ſaid,
"My poor old Frenchman, I ſuppoſe is dead.—
"Egad, I'll knock, and ſee who holds his place,"

With rapid ſtrokes he makes the manſion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, ſtrange to ſay;
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of ſportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentleſs foe,
Who, fiend-like haunted him ſo long ago.
Juſt in his former trim he now appears;
The waiſtcoat and the night-cap ſeem'd the ſame,
With ruſh-light as before, he creeping came,
And King's deteſted voice, aſtoniſh'd, hears.

As if ſome hideous ſpectre ſtruck his ſight,
His ſenſes ſeem'd bewilder'd with affright,
His face, indeed, beſpoke a heart full ſore—
Then ſtarting, he exclaim'd in rueful ſtrain,
"Begar; here's Monſieur TONSON come again!"
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more!

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

YOU'LL oblige an old correſpondent, by inſerting the following

JEUX D'ESPRIT

On two beautiful Young Ladies, though ſmall, yet of perfect ſymmetry, calling themſelves my Little Ponies.

As driving little nags the ton is,
You call yourſelves my little ponies:
But why with quadrupeds compare,
Since Heav'n hath made you paſſing fair?
O now I have it!—by attraction,
Which puts all things at reſt in action:—
Thoſe animating eyes can move
The moſt obdurate heart to love;
Then 'tis not ſtrange, ſince Nature's law
Inveſts you with ſuch powers to *draw.*

CAPT. SNUG.

Fairy Camp, Nov. 9, 1795.

ANSWER.

Queen Venus having lam'd her doves,
Diſpatch'd her ſon to Cyprus' groves,
That he another pair might gain,
Obedient to the ſilken rein;
But Cyprian nor Idalian plains
Could make his miſſion worth the pains.
Haſte, then, ſhe cry'd, to Britain's iſle,
Whoſe dales with num'rous beauties ſmile.
The boy ſought E—ley's bleſt retreat,
With beauty, ſenſe, and taſte, replete:
A lovely pair ſoon met his eyes,
Yclept Maria and Elize*;
To his divine commiſſion true,
With his lov'd prize to Venus flew;
But Chance who oft our lot improves,
From *ponies* form'd them into *doves*;
And ſo *attractive* were their charms,
That Venus nurs'd them in her arms;
Then yok'd them to her radient car,
And ſought in Beauty's pride, her God of War.

OBERON.

Mab Redoubt, Nov. 17, 1795.

BONNY KITTY,

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHEN laſt from the Straits we had fairly caſt anchor,
I went bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables ſtor'd, for our voyage was a ſpanker,
And bran-new was ev'ry ſail.

* By poetical licence, the elegant name of ELIZA, is, in this place, not admiſſible.

But I knew well enough, how with words sweet as honey,
They'd bilk us poor tars of our gold;
And, when the sly gypseys have finger'd the money,
The bag they give poor Jack to hold.

So I chac'd her, d'ye see, my lads, under false colours,
Swore my riches were all at an end,
That I sported away all my good-looking dollars,
And borrow'd my cloaths of a friend.
Oh ! then had you seen her!—no longer with honey,
'Twas—varlet audacious and bold,
Begone from my sight; since you've spent all your money,
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I pull'd out double handfuls of shiners,
And scornfully bade her good bye,
'Twould have done your heart good, had you then seen her fine airs
How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh;
But I stood well the broadside; while jewel and honey
She call'd me, I put up the gold,
And, bearing away as I sack'd all the money,
Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen.

BEING a constant reader, and still more constant admirer of your valuable publication, the Sporting Magazine, I am induced to solicit a place for these hasty lines (occasioned by an old man of eighty, marrying a girl of sixteen) in your next month's number;

ADVICE

To an old Man of Eighty, on his Marriage with a Girl of Sixteen.

I.

NOW, fie upon him! what is man,
Whose life at best, is but a span?
When to an inch it dwindles down,
Ice in his bones, snow on his crown,
That he within his crazy brain,
Kind thoughts of love should entertain;
That he, when harvest comes, should plough
And when 'tis time to reap, go sow;
Who in imagination only strong,
Tho' twice a child, can never twice grow young.

II.

Nature did those design for fools,
That sue for work, yet have no tools!
What fellow ean there be
In such a strange disparity?
Old age mistakes the youthful breast;
Love dwells not there, but interest.
Alas, good man! take thy repose;
Get ribbands for tay thumbs and toes;
Provide thee flannel, and a sheet of lead,
Think on thy coffin, not thy bridal bed.

If you think these lines will, in any way, disgrace a work which is so universally and justly esteemed, I shall submit to your judgment, and remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient, humble servant,

Nov. 12. 1795. AMICUS.

ON EARL MOIRA'S SAILINGS AND COUNTER SAILINGS.

DON MOIRA sail'd to conquer France;
The beasts on board grew thin:
For he was told on waves to dance,
Till foes would let him in.

But he, more wise, to Guernsey sail'd,
His starving beasts to house;
And, landing all his Irish bulls,
Sail'd back again to Cowes!

BIBO.

CULTIVATION OF WASTES.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora. OVID MET.

SIR John spoke the word—Arthur Young wrote it down,
How to strengthen the hands of the nation;
The ladies well pleas'd were in country and town,
And their WAISTS are in highcultivation.

Doctor Price, take a peep from the hole thou art in,
And repent of thy rash computation;
Does Britannia's new petticoat up to her chin,
Betoken decreased population?